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NOTES ON THE FIRTH.

I. — FROM A FOURTH-PAIR WINDOW.

THE sky is dappled blue with clouds that stray.

Like frozen waves the roofs go rolling down
The valley steeps, but weatherworn and brown

Steeple and stack shoot mastlike toward the day.

Pandean pipes whereon the winds would play,
Long rows of chimney-pots the ridges crown;

And black on slates and skylights flicker and frown

Shadows of smoke that streams and wings that sway.

The city's monstrous voices surge to me,
The mist afar its fantasies arranges,
And sudden windows twinkle joyously.

A blue grey streak, a fixed uncertainty,
A fallen slip of sky that shifts and changes,
The Forth beyond them broadens into sea.

II. — AT QUEENSFERRY.

The blackbird sang, the skies were clear and clean.

We bowled along a road that curved its spine

Superbly sinuous and serpentine
Thro' silent symphonies of glowing green.

Sudden the Firth came on us — sad of mien,
No cloud to colour it, no breeze to line,
A sheet of dark, dull glass, without a sign
Of life and death, two shelves of sand between.

Water and sky merged blank in mist together,
The fort loomed spectral, and the guard-ship's spars
Traced vague, black shadows on the shimmering glaze.

We felt the dim strange years, the grey strange weather,
The still strange land unvexed of sun or stars,
Where Lancelot rides clanking thro' the haze.

III. — RAIN.

The sky sags low with convoluted cloud,
Heavy and imminent, rolled from rim to rim,
And wreaths of mist beveil the further
Of the leaden sea, all spiritless and cowed.

The rain is falling sheer and strong and loud,
The strand is desolate, the distance grim
With stormful threats, the wet stones glisten dim,
And to the wall the dank umbrellas crowd.

At home! — the soaked shrubs whisper dismal-mooded,

The rails are strung with drops, and steeped the grasses,

Black chimney-shadows streak the shiny slates.

A dragged fishwife screeches at the gates,
The baker hurries dripping on, and hooded
In her stained skirt a pretty housemaid passes.

A ROMAN "ROUND-ROBIN."

("HIS FRIENDS" TO Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS.)

Hæc decies repetita [non] placebit. — ARS POETICA.

FLACCUS, you write us charming songs:
No bard we know possesses
In such perfection what belongs
To brief and bright addresses;

No man can say that life is short
With mien so little fretful;
No man to virtue's paths exhort
In phrases less regretful;

Or touch with more serene distress
On fortune's ways erratic;
And then delightfully digress
From Alp to Adriatic.

All this is well, no doubt, and tends
Barbarian minds to soften;
But, Quintus — we, we are your friends —
Why tell us this so often?

Why feign to spread a cheerful feast,
And then thrust in our face
These barren scraps (to say the least)
Of stoic commonplace?

Recount, and welcome, your pursuits:
Sing Lyde's loosened hair;
Sing drums and Berycynthian flutes;
Sing parsley-wreaths; but spare, —

Ah, spare to tell, what none deny,
That fairest things decay;
That time and gold have wings to fly;
That all must fate obey!

Or bid us dine — on this day week —
And pour us — if you can —
From inmost bin, as velvet sleek,
Your cherished Cæcuban;

Of that we fear not overplus;
But your didactic "tap"
(Forgive us!) grows monotonous;
Nunc vale! Verbum sap.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

From The Victoria Magazine.
BOSNIA IN 1875.

THE rearguard of Mahomedanism in Europe maintains its last stronghold in the Turkish vijalet of Bosnia. Here, as the religion of the ruling caste, Islam has had a trial of nearly four centuries. What fruits has it borne?

From this point of view alone, Bosnia affords an interesting study. And at the actual moment, when the desperate rising of the Christians has roused the attention of Europe to this almost unknown country, the following sketch of the past history and present circumstances of its people may not be unwelcome. During the last few years I have resided much at Serajevo, the capital, in pursuance of a scheme for training native schoolmistresses. I can therefore speak from personal knowledge.

In geographical position the nearest to European civilization, but in social condition the most barbarous of the provinces of Turkey-in-Europe, Bosnia, including Turkish Croatia and the Herzegovina, extends to a point west of the longitude of Vienna, and interposes a savage and oriental aspect between the Dalmatian shores of the Adriatic, and the advancing culture of Serbia, Hungary, and Croatia. Cross the frontier from these lands, and you may fancy yourself in the wilds of Asia.

The soil of Bosnia teems with various and valuable minerals, her hills abound in splendid forests, her well-watered plains are fertile and productive, her race, under culture, proves exceptionally gifted. Yet her commerce is contemptible; "*plums*," to quote the report of Mr. Consul Holmes for 1873, being "the most valuable article of trade in the province;" her population is uneducated, not one man in a hundred knowing how to read, and the chief town, Serajevo, which contains from forty to fifty thousand inhabitants, possessing not a single book-shop.

One or two English speculators have been tempted to enquire into the mineral riches of the land, but have prudently retired, being unable on the one hand to come to satisfactory terms with the government, and on the other to find a com-

pany to work the mines in the face of the vexatious hindrances which baffle all enterprise under the present *régime*. But the immense mineral wealth cannot much longer remain untouched.

It is well known that iron and silver exist in considerable quantity; it is asserted that gold is also to be found. Cinnabar, rich in quicksilver, abounds at several points; also sulphur and zinc. Yet iron is the only metal worked by the Turks, and that after a most primitive method. Salt is abundant, and engineers of mines have declared that "the whole valley of the Bosna is one vast coal-bed."

An Austrian company has obtained some sort of local concession to work all the mines of coal, lead, and copper, within thirty miles of the proposed line of railway. But this concession has not yet received the needful satisfaction at Constantinople, and it appears that the Turks have a particular disinclination to give their neighbours, the Austrians, any footing in Bosnia. The beautiful marble, white, and white with red streaks, fragments of which are met with in the rough Turkish pavements, will surely some day be wrought into splendid edifices and works of art. Stone for building-purposes is plentiful; yet every one is struck on first entering Bosnia, with the wretched appearance of the houses, built of wood and rubble, and roofed with shingles. In Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, wood, rubble, and shingles still prevail, only here and there brick and stone houses, roofed with tiles, are beginning to appear.

No sportsman or angler has yet been keen enough to seek his full reward in the rivers and woods of Bosnia; yet three or more varieties of trout throng the streams, and game is plentiful; the wolves, bears, eagles, wild swans and various birds would certainly be worth looking after, by those whom they may concern.

A road now leads from Brood on the Save to Serajevo, a distance of about one hundred and thirty-eight English miles, along which passes once a week each way the post-cart of the Austrian consulate in Bosnia; three places in the hay of the springless vehicle may be hired by those who do not object to jolt on continuously

for two days and a night, or more. If a private cart be taken from Brood, at least three nights might be spent on the way, sleeping at khans, the discomfort of which is not to be described. It is necessary to take bed and bedding, or at least mattress, and moreover to command the immediate expulsion of the carpets, mats, and cushions, which form the only furniture of the rooms. A road is in course of completion from Serajevo to the Dalmatian frontier by way of Mostar, the chief town of the Herzegovina. Two years ago the rough carts of the country might be driven to Livno, and thence across the Austrian frontier to Spalatro on the Adriatic; but I am told that the Turkish portion of this road is now scarcely passable. There is a road from Serajevo by Travnik and Banjaluka to Gradiska on the Save, and other cart-roads and fragments of roads exist, but they are constantly out of repair, and the bridges in most uncertain condition.

It is possible to traverse this rude land in many directions, on foot or on horseback, rejoicing in the ever-changing beauty of mountain, wood, and water, which is enlivened by the rich colouring and picturesque variety of national costume. But the traveller may journey on for days, and he will come upon no works of modern enterprise, no monuments of ancient mediæval art. He may, indeed, if he search diligently, and if he know where to look, discover beneath weeds and brushwood, or scanty tillage, traces of Roman roads, one of which led across the province from Scissia (Sissege) on the Save, to Salona on the Adriatic. These tracks of ancient passage he may find for the searching, and, what is likely to be more to his purpose, he may come once, and once only, upon the fragment of a modern railway, lying detached and unconnected in the Bosnian plains. Along this railway, without beginning and without end, a train runs once a day each way, conveying a ludicrously small average of goods and passengers between the village of Novi and the more important town of Banjaluka. The ideal and fragmentary nature of this achievement is owing to the collapse of the contract between an Austrian company and the Turkish government; but the

whole of which it should form a part may some day become our main highway to India. It is to be seen on the map of the "Continental Guide," where Bradshaw has traced in anticipation a railway (elsewhere, by-the-bye, prophetically designated a branch of the great Euphrates Valley Railway) which trending eastward off the well-known Semmering line between Vienna and Trieste, and traversing a part of Croatia, may at some future time cross Bosnia, old Serbia, and Bulgaria, to Salonica and Constantinople. Such means of passage through the land — viz., lost Roman roads, of which scarce a trace remains, and the projected Turkish railways of which, save the fragment here noted, not a Bosnian sod has been turned — constitute the chief works, with the exception of the roads, telegraphs, and bridges of the last few years I should rather say the only works, for which Bosnia is indebted to the ancient Roman, and modern Turkish enterprise.

But what traces do we find of the intermediate centuries which elapsed before a part of the Roman province of Mœsia became the Turkish pashalik of Bosnia? Ruined castles of the ancient feudal nobility, ruins of Serb and Latin churches and convents; and the three Franciscan convents of Foinitz, Kreshëvo, and Sudiska, which, endowed with special privileges, have been maintained from the fifteenth century to the present day. The Paterens, who seem in some points to have resembled the Waldenses and Albigenses, and were very numerous in Bosnia from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries, were exterminated with cruel persecutions, and have left visible traces only in graveyards popularly assigned to them.

Before the Turkish conquest at the end of the fifteenth century, the frontiers of Bosnia were repeatedly changed, and her inhabitants were incessantly harassed by the passage and encounters of hostile troops. For Bosnia has ever been the borderland of contending rival States and rival Churches. Her history, in the Middle Ages as in later periods, is a distressing and tangled record of petty warfare, revolting treachery, and terrible crimes. A gleam of legendary light falls on the

times of Ban Kulin, who held the faith of the Paterenes, and whose name is still remembered among the people, marking the era of a distant golden age. Her race is identical with that of Free Serbia, Old Serbia, and Montenegro, and with the Serb population of Hungary and Dalmatia. She takes her name from the Bosna, a tributary of the Save. As in other Serb countries, her early princes were called *supans*. The word *supa* signifies a sunny land, and may possibly denote the broad sunny plains lying between mountain ranges which form a characteristic configuration of the countries between the Danube and the Adriatic, which were peopled in the seventh and eighth centuries by Serbs. At one time nearly all these lands acknowledged the supremacy of Byzantium: At another period Bosnia was incorporated in the kingdom of Hungary. In the middle of the fourteenth century she formed a part of the empire of Stephen Dushan, that great ruler of the house of Nemanja, who assumed the title of "Christ-loving Czar of all Serbs and Greeks," who imitated the style and the institutions, and aspired to succeed to the sovereignty of Byzantium, but died of fever on the march to Constantinople (1355).

Before the Turkish conquest, Bosnia was again a separate state under native bans and kings, and she had been partly conquered by and partly reconquered from the Magyars. The Serbs belonged to the Eastern, the Hungarians to the Western Church, and then as now the jealousies of rival hierarchies divided the Bosnian race.

Whatever germs of free institutions may have existed in the barbarous communities which we trace throughout the Serbian countries, and in Bosnia among the rest, were stifled here beneath the growth of feudalism, and the contending claims of the Eastern and Western Churches. Finally, the accidents of geographical position exposed the southern Slavs to the full sweep of the Turkish deluge. By right divine the Osmanli conquered, and overthrew the corrupt decay of the Byzantine empire; but in its ruin there suffered a younger race, the younger

children of the European family, those southern Slavs, who, after centuries of repression, are asserting their right to independent existence.

After the conquest of Bosnia by the Turks, such of the nobility who remained alive in the land became Mahomedan. The Bosnian begs were the offspring of an alliance between feudalism and Islam.

The feudal system, which had been established in Bosnia in the Christian period, was continued after the Mussulman conquest, with this sole difference, that the feudal lords changed their faith and their suzerain. Their own position was confirmed by the change. We have seen that Bosnia was continually the object of attack from Hungary. Now, the Turkish policy was acute and masterly; there was also much that was noble and magnanimous in the Osmanli character; tempting terms were offered to the Bosnian nobles. Perceiving that under the shelter of their mighty conquerors, they would be able to preserve their nationality, maintain their caste-privileges, and bid defiance to Hungary and the pope, many of the nobles threw in their cause with that of the empire of Othman, and the Bosnian Slavonic Mussulman became, in the words of Turkish writers, "the lion that guarded Stamboul." Bosnia was the bulwark of Islam against Western Europe. As in later times the *vis inertiae* of the Turkish empire in Europe has been considerably weighted by the Mussulman element in Bosnia, so in the sixteenth and first half of the seventeenth centuries, the days of its aggressive vigour, the spahis, or feudal chiefs of Bosnia, led powerful contingents to the Turkish armies, and the ranks of the janissaries were largely recruited by her sons.

But the tyranny and pretensions of the begs waxed too great. They assumed entire independence, they coerced or chased away the viziers sent from Constantinople to reside or rule in Bosnia. It became necessary to subdue it as a rebel province. This subjection was accomplished in our own days by Omer Pasha, who in 1850-1 put an end to the feudal system in Bosnia, equalizing the Mussulman Bosnian begs or magnates, with all

other Mussulmans in Turkey, abolishing the rank and office of spahis, or military feudal chiefs, and compelling the tithe hitherto received by them to be paid into the government treasury.

All Mussulmans being equalized before the law in 1850, and political and social equality among all creeds and classes having been proclaimed by the Hatti-Humayoun of 1856, let us inquire what was the actual condition of the subjects of the Porte in Bosnia in the spring of 1875, immediately before the outbreak of the revolt.

The population of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, consisting of one Slavonic race, is still commonly spoken of as forming three different nations, so great is the division marked by difference of creed. I give the following statistics gathered from last year's Turkish official reports. Their accuracy cannot be relied upon.

Bosnian Mussulmans	442,050
Christians of the Orthodox Eastern Church	576,756
Roman Catholics	185,503
Jews	3,000
Gypsies	9,537
Total	1,216,846

In addition to this native population should be mentioned some five thousand Austrian subjects, and some hundreds of Osmanli officials.

It is only in the *mutesariflik* of Serajevo that the Mahomedans are in the majority. In the other six sub-divisions of the land the Christians, Pravoslavs, and Catholics, being taken together, more or less outnumber the Mussulmans.

The Bosnian Mussulmans are still the principal owners of the land, and reside on their estates, or in houses in the towns. They are also small merchants, and follow trades. Some are *kmets*, or farmers of the lands for richer Mussulmans. The Bosnian beg, *par excellence*, the powerful feudal chief of sixty years ago, is a chained monster with drawn teeth and cut claws. He was decidedly too big a megatherion for our age. Omer Pasha, the Croat, a renegade, did a good deed for humanity in the Turkish service, when he thrust him back among the fossil curiosities of history. The brute force of the savage is broken, and he has acquired no other. For, with some possible exceptions, the Bosnian begs of to-day are ignorant and corrupt, indolent, and wholly incapable of organization or combined action. Some have learnt a little Turkish, Arabic, and Persian, but very few know

how to read and write their own tongue. The spirit of feasting and merry-making, banished by Mahomet and his followers, but ineradicable among the Slavs, still lingers among the Bosnian Mussulmans.

Instead of the annual festival of the *Krsno ime*, when the friends and relations of every Serbian house gather to celebrate with feasting the day of their patron saint, the begs still in many places make a festivity of the time of boiling down plums for *bestily*, or plum syrup. But even this lingering opportunity for social union is being relinquished, and scarcely anything else of the kind remains.

The Mussulmans of Serajevo still keep St. John the Baptist's day (24th of June, O.S.), when the sun is said to dance at dawn on the top of the hill Trebovitch: on that day, and on St. Elias' and St. George's days, the Mussulman population turns out of doors, and the whole side of Trebovitch, especially the neighbourhood of the Moslem saint's tomb, is bright with red turbans and jackets, and groups of women in white veils. They sit in separate companies, smoking and drinking coffee, and there is a striking absence of life and gaiety among them.

It is said that many of the Bosnian begs are not indisposed to embrace the Christianity professed by their forefathers, that they will call a priest to say prayers over them when they are ill, that they keep the name of the patron saint of their family, and it is certain that they preserve with care the patents of nobility of their Christian ancestors. But on the other hand it is evident that many of them are fanatic Moslems, and nourish a blind and savage hatred against their Christian fellow-countrymen. This hatred finds vent even in quiet times in many a hidden act of cruelty. At the present moment of licensed insult and revenge, we read of Christians being impaled, flayed alive, and cruelties of the worst ages committed on helpless women and children. In a season of perfect quiet, only three winters ago, (1871-2), some fierce Mussulmans of Serajevo swore to cut the throats of the Christians if they dared to hang bells in the tower of their new church. The conspiracy was discovered, and the leading Mussulmans held responsible for the quiet of the town. The pasha confessed the weakness of his authority to maintain the law, when he called the principal merchants and asked them to give up their legal rights to the bells, on the ground that if their sound were heard he would be unable to restrain the fury of the Mahomedans.

The state of political feeling among the Bosnian Mussulmans was described to me before the outbreak by those who knew them well, as by no means unanimous. At present they have no leading men of preponderating influence who might render them strong and dangerous by uniting them in one purpose. Some are amicably disposed towards Serbia; others are fanatically jealous of the Christian principality. The name of the late Prince Michael of Serbia was not unpopular among them, but his assassination by men who were his own subjects greatly injured the Serbian cause, and is regarded by the begs of Bosnia, among whom lingers the spirit of their aristocratic caste, as a crime which condemns the nation. Dislike to the Osmanlis, and to Stamboul, is universal among them, and has been much increased by taxation, and by the obligation to serve in the Turkish army.

The conscription was first enforced by Osman Pasha in 1864. The Bosnian Mussulmans are drawn by lot for the regular army, or *nizam*, for a term of four years' service; and likewise for the *redif*, or reserve, in which they must serve one month in the year for nine years. Exemption may be purchased from the *nizam* for the payment of a hundred ducats, about £50, or a substitute may be found; but service in the *redif* is compulsory on each man on whom the lot may fall. The Bosnians are not required to serve outside the province. They are all infantry; the cavalry and artillery stationed in Bosnia are natives of other provinces of Turkey, and form a part of the third army-corps stationed at Monastir. Since the outbreak, robber bands of Turkish volunteers have been raised in different parts of the country. The *redif* (or regulars) in many places have refused to serve.

If the Turkish military service is detested, the various grades of the sacerdotal-legal profession are greatly desired. Some of the Bosnian ulemas have studied at Stamboul. Pilgrimages to Mecca are frequent. It is a not uncommon sight to see crowds of the Mussulman population sally forth from Serajevo to meet some returning hadji, or to escort pilgrims setting out for the holy places. Wandering dervishes visit the country. Although no spirit of proselytism exists in Bosnia, yet renegadism has been more frequent of late among the Christians.

In the course of 1874, in Serajevo alone, ten females and four males, Catholics and Pravoslavs, became Mahomme-

dan, and it is uncertain how many in other parts of the province. The immediate cause is generally the great poverty of the Christians, which obliges them to place their girls in service in Turkish houses, where they are often unable to resist material comforts and advantages offered to them.

The large Mussulman element presents a great difficulty in Bosnia. But a well-organized Christian government would be able to deal with it. Serbia gives promise of strength and tact sufficient for the task. Since she expelled the Turks from her own territory, she still maintains a mosque in Belgrade for Mahomedan visitors, the expenses being defrayed by the Serbian government.

The Pravoslav Christians of Bosnia are merchants, small tradesmen, and farmers. Some few have attained to the possession of landed property; but the Mussulmans cannot endure the innovation, and they do their utmost, usually with success, to prevent a Christian from acquiring land, or to dispossess him if he has accomplished the purchase.

The Bosnian *kmet*, or farmer, usually a Christian, pays to his landlord, usually a Bosnian Mussulman, one third of the produce, or one half, according to the agreement, and as the landlord or tenant may supply oxen, seed, and implements. A tithe, which is now actually the eighth, is paid into the government treasury, and is collected by the tax-gatherer, who farms the taxes from the government. Great and bitter complaints, certain, by the very nature of the institution to be well founded, are made of the injustice and exactions of the tax-gatherer. The cultivator dares not gather in his crops till the visit of the assessor; while he is waiting it repeatedly happens that the harvests perish. The tax on the arbitrarily calculated value is, of course, exacted all the same. I have repeatedly heard that the peasants suffer much less from the Turkish landlord than from the government official, for the land-owner is interested in the prosperity of his tenant.

The tax in lieu of military service which is paid by all non-Mussulmans, weighs very heavily on the poor, who have to pay equally with the rich twenty-eight piastres for every male. In the poorest and most miserable family this sum must be paid for the male infant who has first seen the light a few hours before the visit of the tax-gatherer. I have heard the bitterest complaints of the cruelty of this tax on the young children of the rayah. Great

suffering results from the forced labour exacted by the government. For instance, in the making of the new road to Mostar, Christians were driven by Zaptics from great distances, and compelled to work for days without pay.

Systematic and legalized extortion has succeeded to the violence of former times; the mass of the people are ground to the dust under the present *régime*. Poor Bosnians told me last year that many of them were much better off in the days of *begluk* (the reign of the begs). It is very possible that the Christian rayah was often less miserable when more directly under the beg, or resident land-owner, than he is now under the temporary official, the present farmer of the revenue, whose sole advantage lies in pocketing all he can for himself. The position of the land-owner and his dependents would afford opportunity for the development of many a kindly human feeling; the tax-gather is by nature a bird of prey. Not long ago the Christian retainers of the begs used to come into the town to church on the great festivals, decked out in the old-fashioned silver ornaments of the country, but now these ornaments are seldom seen, for their owners have been obliged to sell them. With the exception of a few merchants, the Pravoslav population is miserably poor. There is no development of the immense material resources of the country, no means of employment and occupation which might enable the poor to meet the ever-increasing taxation, the extortions of the officials, and the heavy exactions of their own clergy.

In spite of all hindrances, the Serb merchants of Bosnia have advanced steadily, though slowly, in wealth and position. It was jealousy of their progress which led to the oppression at Gradiska, opposite the Austrian frontier, in 1873. The conduct in this affair of Mustapha Assim Pasha, the then governor of Bosnia, too zealous a Turk for the age, and determined to restore the waning Mussulman prestige, obliged his recall from the province. Had he remained, the inevitable revolt would probably have broken out sooner. The immediate cause of the insurrection of 1875 may be found in the iniquitous manner of raising the taxes, and the additional screw which has of late been put on the "naked Bosnian rayah" to contribute to the payment of Turkish bond-holders. But this is not all. Far deeper than any temporary accident of increased taxation, lies the innate

strength of Serbian nationality, and the immutable determination of the Christian Serb to throw off the foreign yoke of the Turk. And it is certain from the vengeful temper of the Mussulmans, that should the present insurrection terminate in the pacification of Bosnia as a Turkish province, the condition of the Christians will be worse than before, notwithstanding any amount of promises and professions from Constantinople.

I will here give a literal translation of the words of a native Bosnian woman, describing the changes which had taken place in the daily life of the Christian women of Serajevo, within the memory of the present generation: "When the vizier resided at Travnil, thirty years ago, the condition of the common people was much better than it is now, for then there were no taxes but the *haratch* (in exemption from military service). They were rich, and had horses, oxen, swine, sheep, and poultry; they wore fine clothes with silver ornaments, they had beautiful arms. Although there was no liberty, yet the begs and agas, lords of the land, protected and defended their own *kmets*. The greatest violence was in the days of Mentaj Pasha and Fazli Pasha, who plundered, killed, caged, tortured, and tormented just as they chose; there was no inquiry made, and no evidence taken. This lasted till the time of Omer Pasha. As regards liberty, from that day to this, the difference is as great as between heaven and earth; at that time the women did not dare to go to the *charshia* (market-place) or along the streets, they did not dare to stand at the doors; when they went to church, or wherever they were obliged to go, they went without ornaments, and covered down to the feet in a white cloth; the Turkish women rarely went along the streets, even covered up so that you could not see their eyes. Now for some time past Christian women and maidens, wives and daughters of the Pravoslav merchants, adorned with ducats and pearls, in their best dresses, go along the streets, and in the *charshia* as in their own homes by day or by night without any fear." Here is some progress certainly, but the picture is sad enough, showing how deplorably low is the standard of social order and prosperity left on the mind of a native after a lifetime spent in Bosnia.

The Christians of the Eastern Orthodox Church have the same peculiar customs, the same national saints and heroes, the same historic traditions as the Serbs of the principality, with whom they count

themselves one nation, though politically separated. They call themselves Serbs; their religion is the Pravoslav. And the Pravoslav Serb, whether he finds himself under Austrian or Turkish rule, or whether he be a Montenegrin or a native of Free Serbia, is the citizen of one Serbian fatherland, and nourishes an ideal national unity.

I may here remark that considerable confusion has arisen from the term *Greek* being applied indiscriminately to all Christians of the Orthodox or Eastern communion. It is sometimes taken for granted that all the Christians of Turkey-in-Europe are Greeks by race as well as by religion. This has arisen from the habit of French writers describing them as "*les Grecs*." It is really less reasonable to call the Orthodox Serbs and Russians *Greeks* than it would be to call the Roman Catholic English and Germans *Latins*. For the different branches of the Eastern Church are all distinctly national in this sense, that they acknowledge no foreign authority whatever. The Serbs of the Serbian principality, and the Greeks of free Greece, have their own metropolitans, who reside in Belgrade and in Athens, and are independent of the Phanariote patriarch of Constantinople. The Slavonic Christians of Turkey reckon it among their chief grievances, that they are forced under the jurisdiction of the Greek patriarch of Constantinople, and have not their own metropolitan. Appointed in Constantinople, and Greeks by birth, the Phanariote bishops placed over Slavonic flocks are tools of the Turks and play into their hands. They are the wolves, and not the shepherds. The name Pravoslav, the old Slavonic liturgies and Church-services, the Serbs have in common with the Russians; herein lies their bond of union with Russia.

The Roman Catholic Christians, or "*Latins*," of Bosnia and the Herzegovina are more orderly and submissive, but less steady and enterprising than the Pravoslavs. They are on a much better understanding with the Turks. Roman Catholic priests are never heard of in the Turkish prisons; Serb priests frequently, and for the most part on accusation or suspicion of political offences. Among the Roman Catholics of Serajevo there is not one single merchant; some follow trades, but for the most part the community are miserably poor. In the villages they are *lemeto*, and cultivate the land for the begs. In Travnik, Livno, and other towns they are "*Latin*" merchants; here and there

they have recently acquired land. Notwithstanding the superior education and intelligence of the priests, and the privileges granted to the clergy from the time of Mahmoud the Conqueror, their flocks remain ignorant and benighted. The paucity of schools is astonishing; unparalleled I believe among any other Roman Catholic population in Europe, except the Albanian. There are only from thirty to thirty-four Roman Catholic boys' schools in the whole province. Within the last few years girls' schools have been established in four places by sisters of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, who have their mother house in Croatia. Some improvement may also be expected from the future priests, who are receiving a more national and liberal training in Bishop Strossmayer's seminary at Diakovar in Slavonia. Up to this time they had been educated in Italy, or Hungary, and to a great degree had lost sympathy with the spirit of their nation, although their superior learning gave them much influence with the people. They have succeeded in entirely abolishing among the Roman Catholic Bosnians the festival of the *Krsno ime*, on the ground of the expense which it involved to the impoverished people. But whatever are the abuses, and they are many, of these festivals, they have served to keep up the brotherhood, courage, and sense of national unity among the Pravoslavs, and made them stronger to resist the Mussulman influence. The Bosnian Catholic is to a great degree denationalized. He has cast away almost all that is Serbian, as Pravoslav. He does not call himself Serb, but Latin. So far as he has any political intelligence whatever, he has the same aspirations as the Catholic Slavs of Austrian Croatia and Slavonia. But the unity which is said to be growing there among the educated Pravoslavs and Catholics has not yet penetrated Bosnia.

The Jews of Serajevo are now a prosperous community; some of its members have grown rich within the last ten years, and have acquired property in land and houses. Their poor are exceedingly well cared for, and a Jewish beggar is never seen. No Jew is ever accused of murder, theft, or violence, or found in the Turkish prisons, except on account of debt. This is the bright side of the picture; there is a dark side; in some respects they are miserably degraded. Their houses and persons are filthy, they are small of stature, and the women always undersized. Their language, I am told by Dr. Thompson of Constantinople, probably the only

Englishman who has conversed with them, continues nearly the same as that spoken in Spain at the time of their expulsion, and is very nearly that in which Don Quixote is written. They have a boys' school only. They have many holidays and feasts, and more merry-makings at home than any other "nation" in Serajevo.

The wretched condition of education in Bosnia is one of its greatest misfortunes. The Pravoslavs have in the whole province only six girls' schools, and at the highest estimate forty-seven boys' schools. The population is carefully kept in ignorance by the Turkish government, the stupidity of the people being a necessary condition for Turkish rule. In the whole province there is not a single book-shop. I except the depot of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Serajevo, which has been established for about eight or ten years. But no other books are to be bought in the place, save a few elementary school-books, the old Slavonic "Book of Hours," and an occasional almanac. A Bosnian merchant who recently attempted to have a few Serbian books in stock for sale, was obliged to give them up to the Turkish authorities. In fact, Serbian books and newspapers are strictly prohibited at the frontier; whatever enters the country must be smuggled in. So great is the perfectly reasonable jealousy with which newspapers are withheld from the eyes of Bosnian readers, that not long ago a formal complaint was made by the Turkish authorities to the Austrian consulate, that one of its officials had shown Slav newspapers received there to Bosnian merchants. There is a government printing-press in Serajevo, but it has sent forth nothing save a few very indifferent elementary school-books, a song-book, and two newspapers in Turkish and Slavonic, whose contents are of the most meagre description, relating chiefly to the movements and changes of Turkish officials, which, indeed, are so frequent that their record leaves little space for the scanty scraps of news which fill up the remainder of the sheets. It may be supposed that this newspaper has no circulation among the Serb population.

One of the first questions which will be asked by those who have any knowledge of a Turkish province, and any human interest in its inhabitants, will always be this: "Is the evidence of Christians against Mussulmans received in Bosnia?" It need scarcely be said that the evidence of Christians cannot be accepted in the *mehkeme* or kadi's court, the ancient

Turkish court of justice, whose decisions are based on the law of the Koran alone; but in the modern courts of justice, councils or *medjliss*, the evidence of Christians, against Mussulmans is admitted by law yet the principle is now acknowledged, and even in Bosnia the evidence of Christians against Turks has occasionally been taken, more especially when backed by a bribe, by means of which, be it remarked, justice or injustice may at any time equally be obtained. But it is certain that in ordinary cases the evidence of twenty Christians would be outweighed by that of two Mussulmans. The Turks have naturally shown little zeal, except under European pressure, in carrying out the design, which, taking from the kadis the decision of all disputes between Christians and Mussulmans, and referring such cases to the *medjliss*, threatens to destroy the essentially Turkish institution of the *mehkemes*. In each of the *medjliss* of Serajevo there are four or six Mussulmans; one, sometimes two Pravoslavs, one Roman Catholic, and one or two Jews. A knowledge of Turkish is necessary, as the proceedings are wholly conducted in that language. The influence of the non-Mussulmans is very small, and the office is most unpopular among the Pravoslavs, on account of the contempt with which they are liable to be treated by the Mussulman majority. Such being the state of things, the position of the Christian towards the Mussulman remains intolerable. The hereditary insolence of the Mussulman Bosnian is met by the hereditary cringing of the rayah. It will take some generations of a better system than the present to restore to the rayah the virtues of the free. As an instance of Turkish insolence, under the eyes of the European consuls in Serajevo, where the Turks are on their best behaviour, I will give the following anecdote. A dervish, named Hadji Loy, met in the road near the town of Serajevo, a Pravoslav priest on horseback. He ordered him to dismount, telling him, "Bosnia is still a Mahomedan country, do you not see that a Turk is passing? Dismount, instantly!" Three different times he met the same priest, and obliged him to get off his horse. This dervish also forced a whole wedding-party of Roman Catholics to pass him on foot. This happened in 1871, and that same year in Serajevo itself, a Christian boy of eighteen was stabbed by a Mussulman, who escaped in the midst of the market-place, in the presence of numerous Turks and Zaptics. I have been told terrible stories of cruel

ties occurring in distant parts of the province. I refrain from relating these stories, for I was unable to enquire into them, the recital being always accompanied with entreaties of secrecy. The wretched Christians dared not complain. They dared not tell any one who they thought could make their case known, because of the certain vengeance with which they would be treated. But now the poor Bosnian rayah is telling his own tale to Europe. Let him be heard; it is a true tale of bitter wrong and suffering. A. P. IRBY.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

CHAPTER VIII.
THE NEW RECTOR.

THE news which so much disturbed the inhabitants of the rectory at Brentburn was already old news in Oxford, where indeed it was known and decided who Mr. Chester's successor was to be. The august body in whose hands the appointment lay was absolutely unconscious of the existence of Mr. St. John. Several members of it, it is true, were his own contemporaries, and had been his acquaintances in the old days when these very dons themselves traversed their quadrangles with such hopes and fears in respect to the issue of an examination, as the destruction of the world or its salvation would scarcely rouse in them now; but what was it likely they could know about a man who at sixty-five was only a curate? who had never asked for anything, never tried for anything; but had kept himself out of sight and knowledge for a lifetime? Those of them who had a dim recollection that "old St. John" was Chester's curate in charge, naturally thought that he held that precarious and unprofitable place for so long, because of some personal connection with the locality, or preference for it, which he was well off enough to be able to indulge. He had been poor in his youth, but probably his wife had had money, or something had fallen to him. What so likely as that something good should fall by inheritance to a man with such a patrician name? Therefore let nobody blame the dons. They might have been capable (though I don't know whether they would have had any right to exercise their patronage so) of a great act of poetic justice, and might have given to the undistin-

guished but old member of their college the reward of his long exertions, had they known. But as they did not know, what could these good men do but allot it to the excellent young Fellow—already the winner of all kinds of honours—who condescended to be willing to accept the humble rectory? Everybody said it was not worth Mildmay's while to shelve himself in an obscure place like Brentburn; that it was a strange thing for him to do; that he would hate it as poor Chester—also an extremely accomplished man and fellow of his college—had done. Gossips—and such beings exist in the most classical places—feared that he must want the money; though some thought he was merely disinclined to let a tolerable small living, not far from town, and in a good county, where there were many "nice families," pass him; but very few people, so far as I am aware, thought of any higher motive which a popular young don could have for such a fancy.

Mr. Mildmay was quite one of the advanced rank of young Oxford men. I have never been able to understand how it was that he continued more or less orthodox, but he had done so by special constitution of mind I suppose, which in some tends to belief as much as in some others it tends to unbelief. He was not one of those uncomfortable people who are always following out "truth" to some bitter end or other, and refusing all compromise. Perhaps he was not so profound as are those troublesome spirits, but he was a great deal happier, and a great deal more agreeable. It is quite possible that some young reader may object to this as a shameful begging of the question whether it is not best to follow "truth" with bosom bare into whatsoever wintry lands that oft-bewildered power may lead. I don't know; some minds have little inclination towards the sombre guesses of science, new or old; and perhaps some may prefer Roger Mildmay for the mere fact that he did not feel himself to have outgrown Christianity,—which, I confess, is my own feeling on the subject. However, if it is any satisfaction to the said young reader, I may as well avow that though nature kept him from being sceptical, that kindly nurse did not hinder him from throwing himself into much semi-intellectual foolishness in other ways. To hear him talk of art was enough to make all the Academy dance with fury, and drive the ordinary learner, however little attached to the Academy, into absolute imbecility; and his rooms were as

good as a show, with all the last fantastical delights of the day—more like a museum of china and knickknacks than rooms to live in. His floors were littered with rugs, over which, in the æsthetic dimness, unwary visitors tumbled: his walls were toned into olive-greens or peacock-blues, dark enough to have defied all the sunshine of the Indies to light them up. He had few pictures; but his rooms were hung with photographs “taken direct,” and a collection of old china plates, which perhaps in their primitive colours and broad effect “came” better than pictures in the subdued and melancholy light. But why insist upon these details? A great many highly cultured persons have the same kind of rooms, and Mildmay was something more than a highly cultured person. All this amused and occupied him very much—for indeed collecting is a very amusing occupation; and when he had found something “really good” in an old curiosity-shop, it exhilarated him greatly to bring it home, and find a place for it among his precious stores, and to make it “compose” with the other curiosities around it. As sheer play, I don’t know any play more pleasant; and when he looked round upon the dim world of *objets d’art* that covered all his walls, shelves, and tables, and marked the fine pictorial effect of the one brilliant spot of light which the green shade of his reading-lamp prevented from too great diffusion—when, I say, looking up from his studies, Mr. Mildmay looked round upon all this, and felt that only very fine taste, and much patient labour, supported by a tolerably well-filled purse, could have brought it all together, and arranged everything into one harmonious whole, there came a glow of gentle satisfaction to the heart of the young don.

But then he sighed. All perfection is melancholy. When you have finally arranged your last acquisition, and look round upon a completeness which, even for the introduction of additional beauty, it seems wicked to disturb, what can you do but sigh? And there was more than this in the breath of melancholy—the long-drawn utterance of an unsatisfied soul in Mildmay’s sigh. After all, a man cannot live for china, for æsthetic arrangement, for furniture, however exquisite; or even for art, when he is merely a critic, commentator, and amateur—not a worker in the same. You may suppose that he was weary of his loneliness; that he wanted a companion, or those domestic

joys which are supposed to be so infinitely prized in England. I am sorry to say this was not the case. The class to which Mildmay belongs are rather in the way of scouting domestic joys. A man who makes a goddess of his room, who adores china, and decks his mantelshelf with lace, seldom (in theory) wants a wife, or sighs for a companion of his joys and sorrows. For why? He does not deal much in sorrows or in joys. The deepest delight which can thrill the soul in the discovery of old Worcester or royal Dresden, scarcely reaches to the height of passion; and even if a matchless cup of *Henri Deux* were to be shivered to pieces in your hand, your despair would not appeal to human sympathy as would the loss of a very much commoner piece of flesh and blood. And then young ladies as a class are not, I fear, great in the marks of china, and even in the feminine speciality of lace require years to mellow them into admiration of those archaeological morsels which cannot be worn. Besides, the very aspect of such rooms as those I have indicated (not being bold enough to attempt to describe them) is inimical to all conjoint and common existence. Solitude is taken for granted in all those dainty arrangements; in the dim air, the dusky walls, the subdued tone. A child in the place, ye heavens! imagination shivers, and dares not contemplate what might follow.

And then Mr. Mildmay had exhausted this delight. I believe his rooms were papered with three different kinds of the choicest paper that ever came out of Mr. Morris’s hands. His curtains had been embroidered in the art school of needlework on cloth woven and dyed expressly for him. An ancient piece of lovely Italian tapestry hung over one door, and another was veiled by a glorious bit of Eastern work from Damascus or Constantinople. His Italian cabinets were enough to make you faint with envy; his Venice glass—but why should I go on? The rugs which tripped you up as you threaded your way through the delicate artificial twilight were as valuable as had they been woven in gold; and no sooner was it known that Mildmay had accepted a living than all the superior classes in the southern half of England pricked up their ears. Would there be a sale? About a thousand connoisseurs from all parts of the country balanced themselves metaphorically on one foot like Raphael’s St. Michael, ready to swoop down at the first

note of warning. I am not sure that among railway authorities there were not preparations for a special train.

Mr. Mildmay had got tired of it all. Suddenly in that dainty dimness of high culture it had occurred to him that studies of old art and accumulations of the loveliest furniture were not life. What was life? There are so many that ask that question, and the replies are so feeble. The commonest rendering is that which Faust in sheer disgust of intellectualism plunged into—pleasure; with what results the reader knows. Pleasure in its coarser meaning, in the Faust sense, and in the vulgar sensual sense, was only a disgust to such a man as Roger Mildmay. What could he have done with his fine tastes and pure habits in the *coulisses* or the casinos? He would only have recoiled with the sickening sensations of physical loathing as well as mental. What then? Should he marry and have a family, which is the virtuous and respectable answer to his question? He had no inclination that way. The woman whom he was to marry had not yet risen on his firmament, and he was not the kind of man to determine on marriage in the abstract, dissociated from any individual. How then was he to know life, and have it? Should he go off into the distant world and travel, and discover new treasures of art in unsuspected places, and bring home his trophies from all quarters of the world? But he had done this so often already that even the idea almost fatigued him. Besides, all these expedients, pleasure, domesticity, travel, would all have been ways of pleasing himself only, and he had already done a great deal to please himself. Life must have something in it surely of sharper, more pungent flavour. It could not be a mere course of ordinary days one succeeding another, marked out by dinners, books, conversations, the same thing over again, never more than an hour of it at a time in a man's possession, nothing in it that could not be foreseen and mapped out. This could not be life. How was he to get at life? He sat and wondered over this problem among his beautiful collections. He had nothing to do, you will say; and yet you can't imagine how busy he was. In short, he was never without something to do. He had edited a Greek play, he had written magazine-articles, he had read papers before literary societies, he had delivered lectures. Few, very few, were his unoccupied moments. He knew a great many people in the highest

classes of society, and kept up a lively intercourse with the most intelligent, the most cultivated minds of his time. He was, indeed, himself one of the most highly cultured persons of his standing; yet here he sat in the most delightful rooms in his college, sighing for life, life!

What is life? Digging, ploughing, one can understand that; but unfortunately one cannot dig, and "to beg I am ashamed." These familiar words suggested themselves by the merest trick of the ear to his mind unawares. To beg, the Franciscans he had seen in old Italy had not been at all ashamed; neither were the people who now and then penetrated into college rooms with—if not the Franciscan's wallet, or the penitent's rattling money-box—lists of subscriptions with which to beguile the unwary. For what? For hospitals, schools, missions, churches; the grand deduction to be drawn from all this being that there were a great many people in the world, by their own fault or that of others, miserable, sick, ignorant, wicked; and that a great many more people, from good or indifferent motives, on true or on false pretences, were making a great fuss about helping them. This fuss was in a general way annoying, and even revolting to the *dilettanti*, whose object is to see and hear only things that are beautiful, to encourage in themselves and others delightful sensations; but yet when you came to think of it, it could not be denied that the whole system of public charity had a meaning. In some cases a false, foolish, wrong meaning, no doubt; but yet—

If I were to tell you all the fancies that passed through Roger Mildmay's head on the subject, it would require volumes; and many of his thoughts were fantastic enough. The fact that he had taken orders and was the man he was, made it his proper business to teach others; but he would much rather, he thought, have reclaimed waste land, or something of that practical sort. Yes, to reclaim a bit of useless moorland and make it grow oats or even potatoes—that would be something; but then unfortunately the ludicrous side of the matter would come over him. What could he do on his bit of moorland with those white hands of his? Would it not be much more sensible to pay honest wages to some poor honest man out of work and let him do the digging? and then where was Roger Mildmay? still left, stranded, high and dry, upon the useless ground of his present existence. Such a man in such a self-dis-

cussion is as many women are. If he works, what is the good of it? It is to occupy, to please himself, not because the work is necessary to others; indeed, it is taking bread out of the mouths of others to do badly himself that which another man, probably lounging sadly, out of work, and seeing his children starve, would do well. Let him, then, go back to his own profession; and what was he to do? A clergyman must preach, and he did not feel at all at his ease in the pulpit. A clergyman must teach, and his prevailing mood was a desire to learn. A clergyman must care for the poor, and he knew nothing about the poor. The result of all these confused and unsatisfactory reasonings with himself was that when the living of Brentburn was offered to him half in joke, he made a plunge at it, and accepted. "Let us try!" he said to himself. Anything was better than this perplexity. At the worst he could but fail.

Now Mr. St. John, as I have said, was a member of the same college, and had served the parish of Brentburn for twenty years, and what was to Roger Mildmay an adventure, a very doubtful experiment, would have been to him life and living; and next on the list of eligible persons after Mr. Mildmay was the Rev. John Ruffhead, who was very anxious to marry and settle, and was a clergyman's son well trained to his work. Such injustices are everywhere around us; they are nobody's fault, we say—they are the fault of the system; but what system would mend them it is hard to tell. And, on the other hand, perhaps neither Mr. St. John nor Mr. Ruffhead had the same high object before them as Roger had. The old man would have gone on in his gentle routine just as he had done all those years, always kind, soothing the poor folk more than he taught them; the young man would, though sure to do his duty, have thought perhaps more of the future Mrs. Ruffhead and the settling-down, than of any kind of heroic effort to realize life and serve the world. So that on the whole, ideally, my *dilettante* had the highest ideal; though the practical effect of him no one could venture to foretell.

He had decided to accept the living of Brentburn at once, feeling the offer to be a kind of answer of the oracle—for there was a certain heathenism mingling with his Christianity—to his long-smouldering and unexpressed desires; but before concluding formally he went, by the advice of one of his friends, to look at the place, "to see how he would like it." "Like it!

do I want to like it?" he said to himself. Must this always be the first question? Was it not rather the first possibility held out to him in the world—of duty, and a real, necessary, and certain work which should not be to please himself? He did not want to like it. Now men of Mildmay's turn of mind are seldom deeply devoted to nature. They admire a fine landscape or fine sunset, no doubt, but it is chiefly for the composition, the effects of light and shade, the combination of colours. In the loveliest country they sigh for picture-galleries and fine architecture, and cannot please themselves with the mists and the clouds, the woods and the waters, the warm, sweet, boundless atmosphere itself, in which others find beauty and mystery unceasing. Yet on this occasion a different result took place; although it was contrary to his own principles, when he first came out of the prosaic little railway at Brentburn and saw at his right hand one rich cloud of foliage rounding upon another, and all the wealth of princely trees standing up in their battalions under the full warm August sky; and on the other the sweet wild common bursting forth in a purple blaze of heather, all belted and broken with the monastic gloom of the pine-woods and ineffable blue distances of the wilder country—there suddenly fell upon him a love at first sight for this insignificant rural place, which I cannot account for any more than he could. I should be disposed to say that the scent of the fir-trees went to his head, as it does to mine; but then the very soul within him melted to the great, broad, delicious greenness of shadows in the forest; and the two between them held him in an ecstasy, in that sweet lapse of all sense and thought into which nature sometimes surprises us, when all at once, without any suspicion on our part of what she is about, she throws herself open to us and holds out her tender arms. Mildmay stood in this partial trance, not knowing what he was doing, for—two full minutes; then he picked himself up, slightly ashamed of his ecstasy, and asked his way to the church, and said to himself (as I think Mr. Ruskin says somewhere) that mere nature without art to back her up is little, but that he might indeed permit himself to feel those indescribable sensations if he could look at all this as a background to a beautiful piece of ancient architecture in the shape of a church. Alas, poor Mr. Mildmay! I don't know why it had never been broken to him. Ignorant persons had said, "A very nice

church," perhaps out of sheer ignorance, perhaps from the commercial point of view that a new church in perfect repair is much more delightful to a young rector's pocket at least, than the most picturesque old one in perpetual need of restorations. But anyhow, when the church of Brentburn did burst upon him in all its newness, poor Roger put out his hand to the first support he could find, and felt disposed to swoon. The support which he found to lean on was the wooden rail, round a rather nasty duck-pond which lay between two cottages, skirting the garden hedge of one of them. Perhaps it was the odour of this very undelightful feature in the scene that made him feel like fainting, rather than the sight of the church; but he did not think so in the horror of the moment. He who had hoped to see the distant landscape all enhanced and glorified, by looking at it from among the ancestral elms or solemn yew-trees about a venerable village spire, and old grey, mossy Saxon walls — or beside the lovely tracery of some decorated window with perhaps broken pieces of old glass glimmering out like emeralds and rubies! The church, I have already said, was painfully new; it was in the most perfect good order; the stones might have been scrubbed with scrubbing-brushes that very morning; and, worse than all, it was good Gothic, quite correct and unobjectionable. The poor young don's head drooped upon his breast, his foot slipped on the edge of the duck-pond. Never was a more delicate distress; and yet but for the despairing grasp he gave to the paling, the result might have been grotesque enough.

"Be you poorly, sir?" said old Mrs. Joel, who was standing, as she generally was, at her cottage door.

"No, no, I thank you," said the new rector, faintly; "I suppose it is the sun."

"Come in a bit and rest, bless you," said Mrs. Joel; "you do look overcome. It is a bit strong is that water of hot days. Many a one comes to look at our cheuch. There's a power of old cheuches about, and ours is the only one I know of as is new, sir, and sweet and clean — though I says it as shouldn't," said the old woman, smoothing her apron and curtsying with a conscious smile.

"You are the sexton's wife? you have the charge of it?" said Mr. Mildmay.

"Thank my stars! I ain't no man's wife," said Mrs. Joel. "I be old John Joel's widow — and a queer one he was; and the curate he say as I was to keep the place,

though there's a deal of jealousy about. I never see in all my born days a jealousier place than Brentburn."

"Who is the curate?" asked Mr. Mildmay.

"Bless your soul, sir, he'll be as pleased as Punch to see you. You go up bold to the big door and ask for Mr. St. John; he would always have the hartis-gentlemen and that sort in, to take a cup of tea with him. The missis didn't hold with it in her time. She had a deal of pride, though you wouldn't have thought it at first. But since she's dead and gone, Mr. St. John he do have his way; and two pretty young ladies just come from school," said Mrs. Joel with a smirk. She was herself very curious about the stranger, who was evidently not a "hartis-gentleman." "Maybe you was looking for lodgings, like?" she said, after a pause.

"No, no," said Mildmay, with unnecessary explanatoriness; "I was only struck by the church, in passing, and wished to know who was the clergyman —"

"Between ourselves, sir," said Mrs. Joel, approaching closer than was pleasant, for her dinner had been highly seasoned, "I don't know as Mr. St. John is what you call the clergyman. He ain't but the curate, and I do hear as there is a real right clergyman acoming. But you won't name it, not as coming from me? for I can't say but he's always been a good friend."

"Oh no, I shall not name it. Good-morning," cried Mildmay hurriedly. A new church, a horrible duck-pond, an old woman who smelt of onions. He hurried along, scarcely aware in his haste until he arrived in front of it that the house beyond the church was the rectory, his future home.

CHAPTER IX.

THE girls I need not say had been engaged in calculations long and weary during these intervening days. Cicely, who had at once taken possession of all the details of housekeeping, had by this time made a discovery of the most overwhelming character; which was that the curate was in arrears with all the tradespeople in the parish, and that the "books," instead of having the trim appearance she remembered, were full of long lists of things supplied, broken by no safe measure of weeks, but running on from month to month and from year to year, with here and there a melancholy payment "to account" set down against it. Cicely was young and she had no money, and knew by her own

experience how hard it was to make it; and she was overwhelmed by this discovery. She took the books in her lap and crept into the drawing-room beside Mab, who was making a study of the children in the dreary stillness of the afternoon. The two little boys were posed against the big sofa, on the carpet. The young artist had pulled off their shoes and stockings, and, indeed, left very little clothes at all upon Charley, who let her do as she pleased with him without remonstrance, sucking his thumb and gazing at her with his pale blue eyes. Harry had protested, but had to submit to the taking-away of his shoes, and now sat gloomily regarding his toes, and trying to keep awake with supernatural lurches and recoveries; Charley, more placid, had dropped off. He had still his thumb in his mouth, his round cheek lying flushed against the cushion, his round white limbs huddled up in a motionless stillness of sleep. Harry sat upright, as upright as possible, and nodded. Mab had got them both outlined on her paper, and was working with great energy and absorption when Cicely came in with the books in her lap. "Oh go away, go away," cried Mab, "whoever you are! Don't disturb them! If you wake them all is lost!"

Cicely stood at the door watching the group. Mab had improvised an easel, she had put on a linen blouse over her black and white muslin dress. She had closed the shutters of two windows, leaving the light from the middle one to fall upon the children. In the cool shade, moving now and then a step backwards to see the effect of her drawing, her light figure full of purpose and energy, her pretty white hand a little stained with the charcoal with which she was working, she was a picture in herself. Cicely, her eyes very red and heavy—for indeed she had been crying—and the bundle of grocery-books in her apron, paused and looked at her sister with a gush of admiration, a sharp pinch of something like envy. Mab could do this which looked like witchcraft, while she could only count, and count, and cry over these hopeless books. What good would crying do? If she cried her eyes out it would not pay a sixpence. Cicely knew that she had more "sense" than Mab. It was natural. She was nineteen, Mab only eighteen, and a year is so much at that age! But Mab was clever. She could do something which Cicely could not even understand; and she would be able to make money, which Cicely could scarcely hope to do. It was envy, but of

a generous kind. Cicely went across the room quite humbly behind backs, not to disturb her sister's work, and sat down by the darkened window, through which a fresh little breeze from the garden was coming in. It distracted her for a moment from her more serious cares to watch the work going on. She thought how pretty Mab looked, lighting up the poetical darkness, working away so vigorously and pleasantly with only that pucker of anxiety in her white forehead, lest her sitters should move. "Oh, quiet, quiet!" she said, almost breathless. "He must not either go to sleep or wake right up, till I have put them in. Roll the ball to him softly, Cicely, quite softly as if he were a kitten." Cicely put away the terrible books and knelt down on the carpet and rolled the big ball, which Mab had been moving with her foot towards little dozing Harry, who watched it with eyes glazing over with sleep. The light and the warmth and the stillness were too much for him. Just as the ball arrived at his soft little pink toes he tumbled over all in a heap, with his head upon Charley. Mab gave a cry of vexation. "But never mind, it was not your fault," she said, to make up for her impatience. And indeed Cicely felt it was rather hard to be blamed.

"After all it does not matter," said Mab. "I have done enough—but I shall never get them to look like that again. How pretty children are even when they are ugly! What pictures such things make! how anybody can help making pictures all the day long I can't imagine. It is only that you will not try."

"I would try if I had any hope," said Cicely; "I would do anything. Oh, I wonder if there is anything I could do!"

"Why, of course you can teach," said Mab, consoling her, "a great deal better than I can. I get impatient; but you sha'n't teach; I am the brother and you are the sister, and you are to keep my house."

"That was all very well," said Cicely, "so long as there was only us two; but now look," she cried pointing to the two children lying over one another in the light, asleep, "there is *them*—and papa—"

"They are delightful like that," cried Mab starting up; "oh, quick, give me that portfolio with the paper! I must try them again. Just look at all those legs and arms!—and yet they are not a bit pretty in real life," cried Mab in the fervour of her art, making a fine natural distinction.

Cicely handed her all she wanted, and

looked on with wondering admiration for a moment; but then she shook her head slightly and sighed. "You live in another world," she said, "you artists. Oh, Mab, I don't want to disturb you, but if you knew how unhappy I am —"

"What is the matter? and why should you be more anxious than papa is?" cried Mab, busy with her charcoal. "Don't make yourself unhappy, dear. Things always come right somehow. I think so as well as papa."

"You don't mind either of you so long as you have — Oh, you don't know how bad things are. Mab! we are in debt."

Mab stopped her work, appalled, and looked her sister in the face. This was a terrible word to the two girls, who never had known what it was to have any money. "In debt!" she said.

"Yes, in debt — do you wonder now that I am wretched? I don't know even if papa knows; and now he has lost even the little income he had, and we have given up our situations. Oh, Mab! Mab! think a little; what are we to do?"

Mab let her chalk fall out of her hand. She went and knelt down by Cicely's side, and put one soft cheek against another as if that would do any good. "Oh, how can I tell?" she said with tears in her eyes. "I never was any good to think. Is it much — is it very bad? is there anything we can do?"

Cicely shed a few tears over the butcher's book which was uppermost. "If we were staying here forever," she said, "as we were all foolish enough to think when we came — we might have paid it with a struggle. I should have sent away those two maids, and tried to do everything myself."

"Everything, Cicely?" Mab was as much appalled at the thought of life without a Betsy, as a fine lady would be denuded of her establishment. The want of a maid-of-all-work represents a dreadful coming down in life, almost more than a greater apparent loss does. Her countenance fell, the corners of her mouth took a downward curve, and her pride received a crushing blow. Yet if you consider what Betsy was, the loss was not deadly. But as usual it was not the actual but the sentimental view of the case which struck the girls.

"Yes," said Cicely, with a solemn paleness on her face. She felt the humiliation too. "I shouldn't mind *doing* things," she said, her voice breaking a little; "it is what people will think. Us, a clergyman's daughters! But what is the use

even of that?" she cried; "it will do no good now. Papa must leave Brentburn, and we have not a shilling, not a penny now, to pay those things with. I think and think — but I cannot tell what we are to do."

The two clung together in an agony of silence for a moment; how many wringings of the heart have been caused by a little money! and so often those who suffer are not those who are to blame. The ruin that seemed to be involved was unspeakable to the two girls; they did not know what the butcher and the baker might be able to do to them; nor did they know of any way of escape.

"If there was any hope," said Cicely after a pause, "of staying here — I would go round to them all, and ask them to take pity upon us; to let us begin again paying every week, and wait till we could scrape some money together for what is past. That, I think, would be quite possible, if we were to stay; and we might take pupils —"

"To be sure," cried Mab, relieved, springing up with the easy hope of a sanguine disposition, "and I might get something to do. In the mean time I can finish my drawing. They have not stirred a bit, look, Cicely. They are like two little white statues. It may be a pity that they were ever born, as Aunt Jane says — but they are delightful models. I almost think," Mab went on piously, working with bold and rapid fingers, "that in all this that has happened there must have been a special providence for me."

Cicely looked up with surprise at this speech, but she made no reply. She was too full of thought to see the humour of the suggestion. Mab's art furnished a delightful way of escape for her out of all perplexity; but Cicely could only go back to the butcher's book. "What could we do, I wonder," she said half to herself, for she did not expect any advice from her sister, "about the living? Very likely they don't know anything about poor papa. It may be very high-minded never to ask for anything," said poor Cicely, "but then how can we expect that other people will come and thrust bread into our mouths? It is better to ask than to starve. As a matter of fact we cannot starve quietly, because if we are found dead of hunger, there is sure to be a business in the papers, and everything exposed. 'Death, from starvation, of a clergyman's family!' That would make a great deal more fuss than quietly going and asking for something for papa. I am not a bold girl —

at least I don't think so," she cried, her soft face growing crimson at the thought, "but I would not mind going to any one, if it was the head of the college, or the lord chancellor, or even the queen!"

"I wonder," said Mab, "if we met the queen driving in the forest — as one does sometimes — whether we might not ask her, as people used to do long ago? I don't think she would mind. Why should she mind? She could not be frightened, or even angry, with two girls."

Cicely shook her head. "The queen has nothing to do with Brentburn; and why should she be troubled with us any more than any other lady? No! that sort of thing has to be done in a business way," said the elder sister seriously. "If I could find out who was the chief man, the head of the college —"

They had been so much absorbed that they had not heard any sound outside; and at this moment the door was suddenly thrown open, admitting a flood of cross-light, and revealing suddenly the figures of the curate and some one who followed him.

"My dears!" began Mr. St. John, surprised.

"Oh, papa! you have woke them up. You have spoiled my light!" cried Mab, in despair.

Cicely started to her feet, letting the account-books tumble on the floor; and the two little boys raised a simultaneous howl of sleepy woe. "Harry wants his tea," they both piped piteously. Mr. Mildmay, whom the curate had met at the gate, looked with a surprise I cannot describe on this extraordinary scene. The white babies in the light had seemed to him at first an exquisite little "composition," which went to his very heart; and the two other figures, half lit up by the stream of unwelcome light from the door, bewildered the young man. Who were they, or what? One indignant, holding her charcoal with artistic energy; the other, startled, gazing at himself with a hostile sentiment, which he could not understand, in her eyes.

"My love," said the gentle curate, "you should not make a studio of the drawing-room." Mr. St. John was not disturbed by the wailing of the little boys, to which, I suppose, he was used. "Cicely, this is Mr. Mildmay, from Oxford, who has come — to look at the parish," he added with a gentle sigh. "Let us have tea."

Why did the girl look at him with that paleness of anger in her face? Mr. Mild-

may's attention was distracted from the drawing and the artist, who, naturally, would have interested him most, by the gleam of hostility, the resentment and defiance in Cicely's eyes.

"Yes, papa," she said shortly; and with merely an inclination of her head to acknowledge his introduction to her, she took up the children, Charley in one arm, who was half dressed, Harry under the other, whose feet were bare, and carried them out of the room. She had divined the first moment she saw him, a dark figure against the light, who he was; and I cannot describe the bitterness that swelled like a flood through poor Cicely's heart. It was all over, then! There was no further hope, however fantastical, from college, or chancellor, or queen! Fantastic, indeed, the hope had been; but Cicely was young, and had been more buoyed up by this delusion, even in her despair, than she was aware of. She felt herself fall down, down into unspeakable depths, and the very heart within her seemed to feel the physical pain of it, lying crushed and sore, throbbing all over with sudden suffering. The passionate force of the shock gave her strength, or I do not think she could have carried the two children away as she did, one in each arm, while the stranger looked on amazed. Little Charley, always peaceable, held her fast round the neck, with his head against her cheek; but Harry, whom she carried under her other arm, lifted his head a little from that horizontal position, and kept up his melancholy whine. She was not fond of the children; how could she be? and I think would gladly have "given them a shake" in the excitement and misery of her feelings. It was so hard upon the girl, that I think she might be forgiven for feeling that thus her young arms were to be hampered all her life; and, meanwhile, she felt that her father and sister would be perfectly amiable to the stranger, who was about to supplant them, and turn them out of their house. This, I am afraid, exasperated Cicely as much as anything else. "These two," would have no *arrière pensée*; they would be perfectly kind to him, as though he were acting the part of their best friend.

And, indeed, this was how it turned out. When she went back, having disposed of the children, to make the tea, Cicely found Mab and Mr. Mildmay in great amity over the uncompleted drawing. He had been criticising, but he had been praising as well; and Mab was flushed with pleasure and interest. She

ran off laughing, to take off her blouse and wash her hands, when Cicely came in, and the elder sister, who felt that her eyes were still red, felt at the same time that her ungenial and constrained reception of him had struck the new-comer. She went and gathered up the account-books from the floor with a sigh. Despair was in her heart. How could she talk and smile as the others had been doing? As for Mr. St. John, he was as pleased with his visitor as if he had brought him something, instead of taking all hope from him. It was rarely the good man saw any but heavy parish people—the rural souls, with whom indeed he was friendly, but who had nothing to say to him except about their crops and local gossip. The gossip of Oxford was much sweeter to his ears. He liked to tell of the aspect of things “in my time,” as I suppose we all do; and how different this and that was nowadays. “I knew him when he was a curate like myself,” he said, with a soft sigh, talking of the dean, that lofty dignitary. “We were at school together, and I used to be the better man;” and this was spoken of the vice-chancellor himself; and he enjoyed and wondered to hear of all their granddears. He had met Mildmay on the road, looking through the gate at the rectory, and had addressed him in his suave old-world way as a stranger. Then they had talked of the church, that most natural of subjects between two clergymen; and then, half reluctantly, half with a sense of compulsion, the stranger had told him who he was. Mr. St. John, though he was poor, had all the hospitable instincts of a prince. He insisted that his new acquaintance should come in and see the house, and hear about everything. He would have given the same invitation, he said afterwards, to any probable new resident in the parish, and why not to the new rector? for in Mr. St. John’s mind there was no gall.

But to describe Mildmay’s feelings when he was suddenly introduced into this novel world is more difficult. He was taken entirely by surprise. He did not know anything about the curate in charge. If he thought of his predecessor at all it was the late rector he thought of, who had died on the shores of the Bay of Naples after a life-long banishment from England. He could understand all that; to go away altogether after art, antiquity, Pompeii, classic editings, and æsthetic delights was perfectly comprehensible to the young Oxford man. But this—what

was this? The old man before him, so gentle, so suave, so smiling, his own inferior in position, for was he not rector elect, while Mr. St. John was but curate? yet so far above him in years and experience, and all that constitutes superiority among gentlemen of equal breeding. Why was he here as curate? And why did *that* girl look at himself with so much suppressed passion in her eyes? and where had the other been trained to draw so well? and what was the meaning of the two children, so unlike all the others, whom his young enemy had carried off impetuously, instead of ringing the bell for their nurse as any one else would have done? Mildmay felt a thrilling sensation of newness as he sat down at the tea-table, and looked on, an interested spectator of all that was proceeding under his eyes. This in its way was evidently *life*; there was no mistaking the passion that existed underneath this quiet surface, the something more than met the eye. Was it a skeleton in the closet, as the domestic cynic says? But these were not words that seemed to apply to this calm old man and these young girls. It was life, not the quiet of books, and learned talk, and superficial discussion, but a quiet full of possibilities, full of hidden struggle and feeling. Mildmay felt as if he had come out of his den in the dark like an owl, and half blinking in the unusual light, was placed as spectator of some strange drama, some episode full of interest, to the character of which he had as yet no clue.

“You are looking at the furniture; it is not mine,” said Mr. St. John, “except the carpets, which, as you say, are much worn. The other things are all Mr. Chester’s. I am expecting every day to hear what is to be done with them. Most likely they will sell it; if you wanted anything—”

Mildmay made a gesture of horror in spite of himself, and Mab laughed.

“You do not think Mr. Mildmay wants all that mahogany, papa? The catafalque there, Cicely and I agreed it was more like a tomb in Westminster Abbey than anything else.”

“What is amiss with it?” said Mr. St. John, “I always understood it was very good. I am told they don’t make things nearly so strong or so substantial now. Poor Chester! He was a man of very fine taste, Mr. Mildmay. But why do you laugh, my dear? That was why he was so fond of Italy; shattered health, you know. Those men who are so fond of

art are generally excitable; a little thing has an effect upon them. Cicely, give Mr. Mildmay some tea."

"Yes, papa," said Cicely; and gave the stranger a look which made him think his tea might be poisoned. Mr. St. John went maundering kindly, —

"You said you were going to London, and had left your things at the station? Why shouldn't you stay all night here instead? There are a great many things that I would like to show you—the church and the school for instance, and I should like to take you to see some of my poor people. Cicely, we can give Mr. Mildmay a bed?"

Cicely looked up at her father quickly. There was a half-entreaty, a pathetic wonder, mingled with anger in her eyes. "How can you?" she seemed to say. Then she answered hesitating, "There are plenty of beds, but I don't know if they are aired—if they are comfortable." Strangely enough, the more reluctant she was to have him, the more inclined Mildmay felt to stay.

"It is very kind," he said. "I cannot think how it is possible that I can have had the assurance to thrust myself upon you like this. I am afraid Miss St. John thinks it would be very troublesome."

"Troublesome! There is no trouble at all. Cicely is not so foolish and inhospitable," said the curate in full current of his open-heartedness. "My dear, it is fine warm weather, and Mr. Mildmay is a young man. He is not afraid of rheumatics like the old people in the parish. He and I will walk up to the station after tea and fetch his bag, and I will show him several things on the way. You will tell Betsy?"

"I will see that everything is ready," she said, with so much more meaning in the words than was natural or necessary. Her eyes were a little dilated with crying, and slightly red at the edges; there was surprise and remonstrance in them, and she did not condescend by a single word to second her father's invitation. This settled the question. Had she asked him, Mildmay might have been indifferent; but as she did not ask him, he made up his mind it was quite necessary he should stay.

"I shall perhaps see you finish that group," he said to Mab, who was interested and amused by the novelty of his appearance, as her father was.

"Ah, but I shall never get them into the same *pose*! If papa had not come in

so suddenly, waking them — besides spoiling my light —"

"I am afraid it was partly my fault," he said; "but I did not expect to be brought into the presence of an artist."

The colour rose on Mab's cheeks. "Please don't flatter me," she said. "I want so much to be an artist. Shall I ever be able to do anything, do you think? for you seem to know."

Cicely looked at her sister, her eyes sparkling with offence and reproach. "The people who know you best think so," she said. "It is not right to ask a stranger. How can Mr. Mildmay know?"

How hostile she was! between her smiling pretty sister, who was ready to talk as much as he pleased, and her kind old suave father, what a rugged implacable young woman! What could he have done to her? Mildmay felt as much aggrieved when she called him a stranger, as if it had been a downright injury. "I know a little about art," he said quite humbly; "enough to perceive that your sister has a great deal of real talent, Miss St. John."

"Yes, yes, she is clever," said the curate. "I hope it will be of some use to you, my poor Mab. Now, Mr. Mildmay, let us go. I want to show you the rectory fields, and the real village, which is some way off. You must not think this cluster of houses is Brentburn. It is pleasant walking in the cool of the afternoon, and, my dears, a walk will be good for you too. Come down by the common and meet us. Cicely," he added in a half-whisper, standing aside to let his guest pass, "my dear, you are not so polite as I hoped. I wish you would look more kind and more pleased."

"But I am not pleased. Oh, papa, why did you ask him? I cannot bear the sight of him," she cried.

"My love!" said the astonished curate. He was so much surprised by this outburst that he did not know how to reply. Then he put his hand softly upon her forehead, and looked into her eyes. "I see what it is. You are a little feverish; you are not well. It is the hot weather, no doubt," he said.

"Oh, papa! I am well enough; but I am very wretched. Let me speak to you when we have got rid of this man — before you go to bed."

"Surely, my dear," he said soothingly, and kissed her forehead. "I should advise you to lie down for a little, and keep quiet, and the fever may pass off.

But I must not keep my guest waiting," and with this Mr. St. John went away, talking cheerfully in the hall to his companion as he rejoined him. "It is trying weather," they heard him saying. "I stopped behind for a moment to speak to my eldest daughter. I do not think she is well."

"Will papa discuss your health with this new man?" cried Mab. "How funny he is! But don't be so savage, Ciss. If it must be, let us make the best of it. Mr. Mildmay is very nice to talk to. Let us take whatever amusement is thrown in our way."

"Oh, amusement!" said Cicely. "You are like papa; you don't think what is involved. This is an end of everything. What are we to do? Where are we to go to? His name is not Mildmay; it is Ruin and Destruction. It is all I can do not to burst out upon him and ask him, oh! how has he the heart—how has he the heart to come here!"

"If you did I think he would not come," said Mab calmly. "What a pity people cannot say exactly what they think. But if he gave it up, there would be some one else. We must make up our minds to it. And how beautifully poor papa behaves through it all."

"I wish he were not so beautiful!" cried Cicely, in her despair, almost grinding her white teeth. "I think you will drive me mad between you—papa and you."

From Temple Bar.

RICHELIEU.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.

THE death of the great Henry once more plunged unhappy France from the very pinnacle of prosperity to the lowest depths of turbulence and misery. Left to the guardianship of an infant king and an ambitious, weak, unworthy woman, what fate was in store for her?

While in the streets and the dwellings of the citizens all was woe and mourning, while the public apartments of the palace presented one sombre aspect of unrelieved black, and faithful servants and honest men wandered through them in ghostly silence, with tearful faces and saddened hearts, Marie de Médicis and her Italian minions held secret conclave amongst gold, purple, and embroidery; from behind their closed doors came sounds of laughter and songs of gladness;

every semblance of even outward decency was cast aside; it was the exultation of a band of freebooters, who saw before them a wealthy country, in which law was dead, laid open to pillage. Honest Sully was no companion for those vampires, and, with a heart bowed down with grief for the loss of his noble master, and even yet more so for the sorrow of seeing the labours of his life about to be destroyed, retired to his estate, and left them to wreak the ruin he was powerless to avert. The chief favourite of the queen regent was a Florentine named Concino Conchini, better known by his French title of *Maréchal d'Ancre*, an unscrupulous adventurer, whom she loaded with riches and dignities;* he, his wife, the pope's nuncio, the Spanish ambassador, D'Epemon, and a few others, formed this privy council, of which the object was the total overthrow of that policy under which France had grown great and prosperous, the reopening of religious persecution, and the appropriation of the treasures amassed by the dead king for the execution of his great design.

The effects of this combination were soon fatally apparent. The genius and firm hand of the great Henry repressed the power of the nobles and kept it within the boundaries of the law, but under the feeble rule of a weak woman it again agitated the State with factions and conspiracies. Bribes and largesses to the amount of forty million livres were scattered among the malcontents for the purpose of conciliating them. But, while they shamelessly accepted the money, their turbulence continued to increase; many withdrew to their domains, assembled their men-at-arms, and prepared for civil war. The more honest, desirous to reform the abuses of the State, demanded the convocation of the States-General,† and the government, powerless for all save evil,

* Conchini and Leonora Galigai, afterwards his wife, had come to France in the train of Marie de Médicis; from the first they were the queen's most evil councillors, filling her ears with scandals and her heart with bitterness against her husband. // The assassination of the king was the result of a plot, and not simply of individual fanaticism, there are reasons to suspect that these Italians, as well as the Duc d'Epemon, were concerned in it; indeed, were it possible to prove the existence of such a conspiracy, it might be difficult to exonerate the queen herself from participation. Her behaviour after the tragic event sufficiently warrants the assertion that Henry's death, far from being a source of grief, was regarded by her as a relief.

† The States-General, as it is known to every reader of French history, was an assemblage convoked by the king in any great crisis, and especially when the royal power was unequal to cope with the difficulties of the time. It was composed of the three orders, the nobles, the clergy, and the *tiers-état*.

after a few futile preparations for an armed resistance and many more bribes, was compelled to submit. But little or nothing could be achieved by an assembly the interests of the different parts of which were so utterly opposing. And so after much talk, complaining, and disputing, it was dissolved, not to meet again for one hundred and seventy years. And then how different the result!

And yet this gathering of vapid, purposeless talkers, that passed away and seemed to leave behind it no more trace of its existence than does a fleeting cloud upon the face of heaven, was pregnant with great results, since it brought into the light a man destined to remodel the political world of France. That man was Armand du Plessis, afterwards Cardinal Duc de Richelieu.

Armand Jean du Plessis was born in the Château de Richelieu, in Touraine, on the 5th of September, 1585. His father was the Seigneur de Richelieu, and captain in Henry the Fourth's guards. There were three sons, the eldest, according to the custom of noble houses, followed the career of arms; the second entered the church; the third, Armand, created Marquis de Chillon, was likewise educated for the military profession, which he followed until his brother, who had been appointed to the bishopric of Luçon, turned ascetic and entered a Carthusian monastery. The bishopric having been for many years in the Richelieu family, so valuable an appanage could not be permitted to pass into the hands of a stranger, and the young marquis, then only eighteen, was called upon to take his brother's place. He does not appear to have offered any opposition to this sudden change of career. Eight hours a day for four years he is said to have devoted to the study of theology, and thereby to have permanently injured a constitution always frail and delicate. Not having attained the age prescribed for the episcopacy, he took a journey to Rome to solicit his institution. The Abbé Siri tells an anecdote of this time which foreshadows the future cardinal. He deceived the pope in his age, and after he had received consecration begged absolution for the deceit. "This young bishop," said the pontiff, "is gifted with a rare genius, but he is subtle and crafty."

Seven years passed away, and never was prelate more pious, more unassuming; theological studies and the conversion of heretics formed the sole objects of his life; but he had also gained a great repu-

tation as a preacher. Probably, his ambition at this time—for there never could have been a time when Armand Richelieu was not ambitious—was confined within the pale of the Church. But the convocation of the States-General summoned him from his retirement. The clergy chose him as one of their representatives, and, on account of his before-mentioned priestly eloquence, selected him for their orator. No fierce denouncer, however, of corrupt power was the Bishop of Luçon; on the contrary, he introduced into his speech such adroit flatteries to the queen-mother that, having already insinuated himself into the favour of the favourite, Leonora Galigai, she appointed him to be her chaplain. So well did his fortunes progress that within two years we find him, thanks to Maréchal d'Ancre, secretary of state for war and foreign affairs. A not very noble figure does the future great cardinal cut at this period as the toady of the queen-mother and her minion.

But the days of the latter were numbered. The boy-king was carefully secluded by the ambitious Marie from all State affairs, and passed his time in hunting and puerile amusements. Among his attendants was a gentleman named Albert de Luynes, whose ambition meditated no less a design than to destroy Conchini, subvert the power of the queen-mother, and rule in their place. To accomplish this, he irritated the pride of the young Louis to such an extent, by representing the condition of tutelage and almost imprisonment in which he was kept, a condition, he averred, that would continue as long as the maréchal lived, that he prevailed upon the boy to enter into a plot for his assassination. And on the 24th of April, 1617, Conchini was murdered in the broad daylight in the court of the Louvre, not by common hirelings, but by barons, officers, and "men of honour." After the murder followed a yet more revolting scene; each murderer, anxious to prove his share in the deed, fell upon the dead man and stripped him of his accoutrements and property; one seized upon his sword, another upon his ring, a third upon his scarf, a fourth upon his cloak, and rushed away eager and breathless, to lay these spoils at the feet of the king. Jean Baptiste d'Ornano, a Corsican colonel, had the honour to reach the royal presence first. Upon learning the success of the plot, Louis showed himself at the window of the grand *salon*, and to the shout of "*Vive le roi!*" which rose from the court

below, responded, "Many thanks to you, my worthy friends; now I am king indeed!"

Wolves devour wolves. The downfall of the favourite was the signal for the destruction of all his belongings; and those who had cringed lowest to him in his days of power were now the most inveterate against all who claimed kin with him. His wife was the first victim. She was immediately arrested, and brought before the Parlement, upon accusations of sacrilege, witchcraft, and political crimes. Being weak in health, and finding no relief from ordinary physicians, she had engaged the services of a charlatan, who pretended to the knowledge and exercise of the occult sciences. Her credulity afforded an excellent means for her destruction. She was accused of performing pagan sacrifices and of communing with the powers of darkness. She was asked by what kind of sorcery she had dominated the queen-mother? "By no other than the power by which strong souls govern the weak," was the answer.* Her innocence of the greater part of the charges brought against her was so palpable that several of the judges, knowing her death to be a foregone conclusion, retired from the deliberations. The sentence declared Conchini and his widow guilty of *dés-majesté* divine and human, condemned the memory of the husband to perpetual infamy, and the wife to be beheaded, and her body burned.

It was for this treacherous assassination and false *procès* that Louis obtained the agnomen of "the Just"!

Marie de Médicis was, it need scarcely be said, included in the ruin of her party, and was kept close prisoner to her own apartments, until she obtained permission to retire to her estate at Blois.

The Bishop of Luçon, who had ever been one of the most assiduous flatterers of the unfortunate Conchini, was one of the first to felicitate the king upon having "done justice." Nevertheless he had to follow the queen mother into her exile. But soon afterwards, de Luynes, probably considering him too clever a servant to be safe, ordered him to seek some other abode. He retired into a priory in Poutou, "being desirous," he said, "of devoting himself entirely to the combatting of heresy." Here he also composed and published controversial and devotional

works, and played the hypocrite à *merveilles*!

Marie de Medicis was no better off at Blois than she had been in the Louvre; De Luynes surrounded her and her adherents with spies, two of her friends were broken upon the wheel for holding secret correspondence with her, others were sent into perpetual banishment. But after a time the nobles grew impatient of the yoke of the new favourite, who was quite as rapacious and tyrannous as the old; to break it, it was necessary to reinstate the queen, and the Duc d'Epéron headed an enterprise which effected her escape. The court was in great alarm; but, too weak to crush the rebels, was compelled to negotiate with them. The man chosen to conduct these negotiations was the Bishop of Luçon. The friend who procured him this mission and consequent recall to court was Père Joseph. This man had some time previously attracted Richelieu's attention; the subtle attraction of kindred minds had drawn them towards each other and brought about a close attachment, which was dissolved only by death. Joseph had been a soldier before he turned Capuchin, had been a great traveller, and was possessed of a subtle, powerful genius, and a resolution so indomitable and tenacious that at times it was capable of supporting even that of the cardinal. Could all the secret springs of that age be laid bare before us, we might perhaps see his *Eminence grise* frequently playing the part of wirepuller, his *Eminence rouge** that of puppet.

Père Joseph had, thanks to his patron, obtained so good a footing at court, having been employed upon more than one important affair to foreign courts, that he was enabled to insinuate that patron's return. And with such skill and prudence did the bishop conduct his delicate mission that he succeeded in bringing about a temporary reconciliation between Marie de Médicis and her son. But it was of short duration. De Luynes, still all powerful, soon recommenced the persecution of her friends; the great nobles, more disaffected than ever, retired to their estates and took up arms; the Huguenots, fearing repressive measures, followed their example; D'Epéron, allying himself with their chiefs, De Rohan and La Trémouille, broke into open revolt. The king marched against them in person; there was an engagement, in which the rebels had the

* The atrocity and the degraded superstition displayed in this *procès* were far exceeded in that which was instituted some years later against the unfortunate priest Urbain Grandier.

* Two nicknames by which the cardinal and his confessor were known.

worst of it. A second reconciliation was patched up, and Louis published a declaration to the effect, that all which had been done by his mother and those allied with her had no end but the good of the State.

During this time the Bishop of Luçon, while still retaining the mother's confidence, contrived to preserve the favour of De Luynes, and even, through one of his nieces, to ally himself by marriage with him. But the genius of the subtle churchman had already begun to excite apprehensions in the favourite's mind, and he cared not to let him become too powerful. The bishop desired to be a cardinal, but the king, under the inspiration of his minister, while openly supporting his claim, sent secret instructions to the pope to refuse him the hat—a proceeding highly characteristic of this weak and treacherous monarch.

The death of De Luynes, who expired of a fever while engaged in military operations against the Protestants of the south, left the helm of the State free to the first hand daring and powerful enough to seize upon it. The next year Richelieu obtained the coveted hat. In 1624 he again became secretary of state for foreign affairs, but only after much coquetting and dissimulation. His health rendered the country air necessary to him; his tastes were not for mundane affairs, but for study and seclusion; these and other like excuses rendered his acceptance of the post an apparent sacrifice. But from that time his rise was swift and sure. Day by day his powerful mind and striking genius made themselves more and more felt in the national councils, and his giant intellect, mastering the puny dwarfs by whom he was surrounded, quickly grasped the supreme power.

Austria, which was master of both ends of Italy—Naples and Milan—desired a route which should unite the empire with Spain and the German with the Italian possessions, so that it could, when necessary, march an army from one side of the Alps to the other without opposition. The Valtelline valley, situated between Tyrol, Venetia, Milan, and the Grisons, to which it belonged, fulfilled these requirements; and taking advantage of the religious feuds which were then raging in that district, the empire would have annexed it but for the decisive action of Richelieu. Taking up the policy of the great Henry, he resolved by every means to weaken the power of the colossus. His reply to the ambassador, who sent him a long despatch setting forth the dif-

ficulties of interfering in this affair, and especially urging the ambiguous conduct of the pope, is highly characteristic of the man. "The king has changed his council and the ministry its policy. We shall send an army into the Valtelline, which will render the pope less uncertain, and the Spaniards more tractable."

It was not foreign affairs alone, however, that engaged his attention. The whole land was in a state of ferment that threatened universal anarchy. The Huguenots were in a chronic state of revolt, and the great nobles combining in incessant conspiracies. Most dangerous of the conspirators was the king's brother, Gaston Duc d'Orléans. History cannot furnish, even out of the family of which he was the founder, a character more revolting and contemptible than that of this prince. The first to initiate a plot, the first to fly upon discovery; arousing discontent in every heart, and ready to betray and sacrifice every man who listened to his councils; there was no villainy, no treachery too black for his approval; there was no meanness, no degradation to which he was not ready to submit to save himself from the consequences. Seven years had elapsed since Louis's marriage with Anne of Austria, and still there was no heir to the crown; the king's health was delicate, and the chances were thus greatly in favour of Gaston's succession. This gave him an influence among the *noblesse* even greater than his position warranted. It was but in the ordinary course of things that Orléans and his faction should be the bitter opponents of Richelieu; to them were joined in the league of hate the queen and her friends, the Duchesse de Chevreuse—the remarried widow of De Luynes—and the Princesse de Condé. From the first there had been feud between the queen and the cardinal. It has been said that he made dishonourable addresses to her, and that the rejection of his advances was the cause of that enmity with which he ever afterwards pursued her. There is nothing improbable in the charge, for his gallantries were notorious, as Marion de l'Orme could have testified; but her dislike, probably, arose at first from the fact of his being a favourite of Marie de Médicis, between her and whom there had ever been implacable hostility.

Out of these complications was hatched a conspiracy which aimed, not only at the destruction of the minister but the dethronement of the king, his divorce from the queen and her marriage with Gaston.

Joined with the arch-traitor in this design was the Duc de Vendôme and his brother, the natural sons of Henry IV., the Comte de Soissons, the Duc de Montmorency, the Comte Chalais, and D'Ornano, one of the assassins of Conchini. Informed of the plot, Richelieu struck the first blow by arresting the latter. A few days afterwards Gaston was upon his knees before the minister in abject submission, swearing upon the Gospel to love those who loved the king and the queen-mother, and to inform his Majesty of the least word he heard uttered against him or his councillors, expressing at the same time his approval of the arrest of D'Ornano, who had hitherto been his most faithful servant. Once more the cardinal played the part of the humble, studious priest, for the relentless animosity of his enemies intimidated him. Once more he pleaded his desire to retire from mundane affairs—he was weary of pomps and vanities; the weak, vacillating king, alarmed at the thought of being left to govern alone, would not hear of his retirement, and even wrote with his own hand the most lavish promises to defend him against all enemies, whoever they might be: "Assure yourself that I will never change," ran the document, "and whoever attacks you, you shall have me for your second." But his ruse obtained him a far more substantial protection than this royal bond in the shape of permission to raise a company of musqueteers to serve him for a body-guard. Armed and omnipotent, he ordered the arrest of the Duc de Vendôme, the grand prior, and several personages of the highest consequence, among whom was the king's favourite, the Comte de Chalais. Upon being arrested, the unfortunate young man, hoping thereby to save his life, made certain revelations which implicated the queen in the plot; but on the scaffold he recalled the accusation, and firmly protested her innocence. This, however, goes for nothing: he would have been a poor creature who would not have done as much under similar circumstances. There was a private judgment held upon the unhappy Anne in the king's chamber, in the presence of Marie de Médicis and the cardinal; Louis accused her of desiring his death in order that she might espouse Orléans. "What! from Louis to Gaston; there would be too little to gain by such a change!" was her disdainful retort.

The death of Henry IV. had once more loosed the persecution of a fanatical populace upon the Protestants, who were com-

pelled to arm in self-defence. In the south and west they were under the leadership of such powerful names as Soubise, Trémouille, and Rohan, and formed a league, whose organization, army, and treasury, were perfectly distinct from those of the State, thus forming a government within a government. So dangerous a combination, which threatened to permanently divide the kingdom, could not be permitted by so sagacious and powerful a statesman as Richelieu. As early as the period of the Valtelline expedition the royal fleet had gained an advantage over the League in the waters of La Rochelle, which important naval and military town had always been the headquarters of the Huguenots, and captured the Isle of Ré; but France did not possess at the time sufficient ships to blockade the port, and so the advantage was lost.* In 1627, however, the attitude of England compelled him to again turn his attention in that direction. Buckingham, to avenge himself upon Louis and Richelieu, had long since resolved upon war with France.† To provoke this, he had encouraged English privateers to seize upon French ships, which were confiscated as prizes. An application for assistance from Soubise, one of the great Huguenot leaders, gave him the opportunity he desired, and at his solicitation Charles fitted out a fleet of one hundred vessels, and an army of seven thousand men, for the invasion of France, of which the duke himself, who was neither soldier nor sailor, was entrusted with the command. Nevertheless, he succeeded in effecting a landing upon the Isle of Ré.

With all the energy the situation required, Richelieu set to work to repel the invader. Concealing the crisis from the king, who was sick at the time, he took the whole responsibility upon himself. He made every provision, spent his own

* Richelieu may be justly considered to have been the creator of the French navy. When he entered upon power, the nation did not possess a single vessel of war fit for service. This branch of the national defences was in a state of deplorable incompetency, as was every person connected with it; the admirals were nobles who knew no more of the sea than do our own lords of the admiralty. He abolished the office of grand admiral and instituted in its place a superintendent of navigation; established schools of pilotage and of marine artillery, and published a complete maritime code. In a few years he had created a fleet capable of coping with those of Spain and England.

† "When the duke was making preparations for a new embassy to Paris, a message was sent him from Lewis that he must not think of such a journey. In a romantic passion he swore 'that he would see the queen in spite of all the power of France,' and from that moment he determined to engage England in a war with that kingdom."—HUME.

money, engaged his credit, collected all the munitions of war, covered the menaced coast with troops, and, doffing his cardinal's gown and hat for breastplate and helmet, commanded the expedition in person. Buckingham was completely routed, and two-thirds of his army destroyed. The royalists now laid siege to Rochelle. By the orders of the minister, a mole forty-seven hundred feet in length was thrown across the harbour, thus isolating the town from the sea, and rendering further assistance from England impossible. Twice was the gigantic work thrown down by the waves, but the inflexible cardinal began afresh each time, and the third succeeded. After a most heroic resistance, during which, it is said, twenty-five thousand people, out of a population of thirty thousand, died by famine or the sword, the town was obliged to capitulate. The cardinal, issuing from the trenches, where he had performed the part of captain and engineer, doffed his armour, and donning his gown celebrated a thanksgiving mass in the church of Sainte-Marguerite.

But his enemies were like the fabled hydra: he had no sooner destroyed one batch than another sprang up in their places. His grand and comprehensive policy had long since soared above the weak intelligence of the queen-mother. Jealous of the absolute power he wielded over the State, and, above all, jealous of the influence he had won over her son's mind, she now manifested towards him only bitterness and hostility. He no longer bowed before the storm, as in the old days, but faced it with haughty reproaches. "Considerations of State frequently oblige us to rise above the passions of princes," he said, and peremptorily demanded permission to retire from the ministry. Louis dared not accept his resignation, and was fain to humble himself to his all-powerful servant.

More absolute than ever he turns his attention to the re-establishment of French influence in Italy, assembles a large body of troops, superintends their discipline, draws out a plan of campaign, and, carrying the king with him, is soon at the foot of the Alps. A complete victory over the duke of Savoy and the Spanish army terminates the campaign. With his soldiers flushed with success, he again turns his arms against the Huguenots; Privas, Alais, Nîmes, their last strongholds, fall before him; De Rohan makes submission, and on the 28th of June, 1629, the last flames of the civil war are extinguished. At Privas, while he was sick, there had

been a cruel massacre; but at Mantauban he received the Huguenot ministers with much graciousness, telling them that the king looked upon them as his subjects, and in that quality made no distinction between them and the Catholics. He used his victory with the most generous moderation, and obtained an ordinance from the king which left the conquered the free exercise of their religion. Richelieu's was too large a mind to be a persecutor of opinion.

Another campaign against Savoy quickly followed this success. With armour on back, and sword at his side, he led the troops in person, endured all the dangers and fatigues of a common soldier, carried Pignerol and Chambéry, and, with the assistance of a brilliant victory gained by the Maréchal de Montmorency at Vegliana, brought the war to a close. But while the nation was growing greater and more powerful day by day, while the acclamations of the people followed his steps wherever he moved, the envy and hatred of little minds were endeavouring to rob him of the fruits of his labours. The two queens, putting aside for a time their mutual antipathies, made common cause against him; the mother, whose sympathies were with Savoy, her son-in-law, importuned Louis night and day to dismiss his minister. But once more these enmities redounded to his honour, and letters patent conferring upon him the title of "Principal Minister of State" raised him to a still greater height of power.

Towards the end of the Italian campaign, however, Louis was seized with a fever at Lyons, and his life was despaired of. Even around the sick man's bed the courtiers held council how the obnoxious cardinal should be disposed of after the king's death. De Guise was for exile, Bassompierre for perpetual imprisonment, the Maréchal de Marillac, the mother's favourite, counselled death. An unseen listener, Richelieu overheard all, and marked each speaker for the doom he had proposed. But the crisis passed, and the king lived. The affectionate solicitude shown by the queen during his danger softened his heart towards her, and inclined him to lend his ear to her accusations against the cardinal, and to the prayers of the mother for his dismissal. In vain did Richelieu, by the most humble advances, endeavour to conciliate her; implacable in her hatred, she only redoubled her importunities.

The result of these intrigues will be

best conveyed to the reader in the following graphic scene, bequeathed us by the Abbé Siri, which was acted in the Luxembourg, Marie de Médicis' palace.

As she was in the midst of her discourse, and was earnestly pressing her son to accord her what she desired, the cardinal suddenly entered the chamber; he had in truth found the door closed and express injunctions given to the usher to admit no person, and above all, him, if he presented himself; but as he knew all the ways of the palace, he went to the wardrobe of that princess, and through there entered the chamber, having gained for that end one of her women named Zuccole, who, being in her mistress's confidence, was left sole guard of that entrance. The unexpected arrival of the cardinal quite confounded the queen-mother. Very soon, however, she recovered from her surprise, and the presence of the cardinal served only to redouble her anger as much by the remembrance it renewed of all the offences he had committed as because she saw herself interrupted in the accomplishment of her designs, so that, full of fury and resentment, transported with anger, she called him, in the presence of her son, a double-faced, insolent, audacious traitor, and bestowed upon him many other injurious epithets. She recapitulated to the king in his presence all that she had already said to him upon the subject before he arrived, omitting nothing that was calculated to still further blacken him in his mind. The cardinal, astounded and confused at the extreme fury of this princess, replied not a single word to all the abuse she heaped upon him; he endeavoured only to soften the bitterness of her mind, and to moderate her anger. That is why, with a respectful countenance and in the most humble and submissive terms he could find, accompanied even with tears, which he always had at his command, he addressed her in the most feeling manner in the world and the most proper, to soften her. But her hatred and anger against him had risen to such a height that neither his submission, his prayers, nor his tears were able to move her; on the contrary, she cried with a loud voice, that he was a crafty knave who well knew how to play his part, and that all he was doing was mere mummery, and a mere trick to deceive her once more. The cardinal, seeing this, turned to the king and entreated him to permit his retiring and passing the remainder of his days in repose, it not being right that his Majesty should retain him in his service and continue him in the ministry against the wish of the queen. At these words, the monarch, testifying a desire to defer to the wishes of his mother, accorded him his request, and desired him to leave the presence.

Without losing a moment's time, the mother appoints two of her favourites—the brothers De Marillac—to the premiership and the command of the army,

throws open her *salons* to the crowd of fawning sycophants, and gives way to the exultation of victory. But her confidence is premature; Richelieu is not yet defeated. Upon quitting the Luxembourg, Louis repairs to his hunting-lodge at Versailles; thither the cardinal follows him, and obtains admission to his cabinet. What passed at that interview, history has not recorded; but at the moment De Marillac, the premier, arrived to be formally installed in his new dignity, the king was taking leave of Richelieu, and commanding him to retain his office and serve him well in it. The would-be minister was arrested upon the spot, and his brother the same night at a supper he had given to celebrate his new fortune. French wit has recorded these events in history under the heading of "the Day of Dupes."

The Maréchal de Marillac, under the pretence of exactions and peculations carried on during his government in Champagne, was brought to the scaffold after a two years' *précès*.* His brother died in prison. All the creatures of the queen-mother, down to the meanest, were cast into the Bastille, and she herself exiled from France never to return to it. She ended her days miserably in a foreign land, and well deserved her fate. The cowardly Gaston, who had shown a clean pair of heels at the bursting-up of the plot, immediately sought about for other dupes with whom to concoct conspiracy. This time he found a noble one in the Maréchal de Montmorency, who placed himself at the head of a body of malcontents vowed to the destruction of the cardinal. They were defeated in an engagement near Castelnaudry, and the maréchal and the duke fell into the hands of the minister. Orléans licked the dust, betrayed his victims as usual, and signed a treaty in which he vowed to evermore love all the king's ministers, and Richelieu especially. Being the king's brother, he escaped unscathed, and was permitted to join his worthy mother in Brussels. But the brave Montmorency was condemned to the block, spite of the prayers of the people and an almost universal intercession.

While suppressing the power of the Protestants at home, the cardinal's inim-

* The condemnation of this man, a soldier who had served in the army forty years, was an act of lawless tyranny; the Parlement of Paris twice declared the commission appointed to try him to be illegal, and was twice compelled to rescind its decree. Once resolved upon a course of action Richelieu was prepared to trample upon every law and every institution. He constituted himself the sole judge of the right and the wrong, and his WILL was the only fixed law of the nation.

ical policy towards the house of Austria engaged him to assist them abroad; thus we find him taking part with the revolting Netherlands, and allying himself during the Thirty Years' War with the great Protestant champion, Gustavus Adolphus. The revolution which wrested Portugal from Spain also greatly owed its success to his countenance and succour. Varying fortunes attended the arms of France during the period of this the most awful of all the wars of creeds. In 1635 the Imperialists and Spaniards crossed the frontiers at different points, and the latter advanced within thirty-five leagues of Paris. A universal cry, *à la mode française*, when rulers or generals are unsuccessful, rose from every order of the State. Believing the storm to be overwhelming, Richelieu would have retreated before it, but for the encouragement and counsels of Père Joseph. He held his ground and conquered. The invaders were beaten back, and everywhere defeated. Not in vain had he taken up the mantle of the great Henry; the decline of the house of Austria and the ruin of the Spanish monarchy date from this period, as well as the permanent preponderance of France in the affairs of Europe.

Not all the terrible examples which the inexorable cardinal had already held up to his enemies could repress the hydra from sending forth new heads. The queen continued to carry on a correspondence with the exiled foes of the minister, especially with the Duchesse de Chevreuse, and even to hold treasonous communication with those foreign powers most hostile to France. Such despatches, more than once intercepted by her ever-watchful enemy, brought upon her fresh and ever increasing humiliation. But in 1638, in the twenty-second year of her unhappy married life, a dauphin was born; an event which brought forth many scandalous effusions from the ribald pamphleteers of the time, and did little to soften the king's habitual coldness towards her.

Orléans was as indefatigable as ever in plotting, and continued to bring better heads than his own to the block. De Soisson's conspiracy, however, which broke out in 1641, and which was supported by the Duc de Bouillon, Spain, and Austria, might have brought about a revolution had not the leader been killed in the first engagement. Scarcely was this rebellion dissolved before the hydra sent forth another head. To distract the king's maundering affections from Made-

moiselle de Hauteville*—for he could not endure that Louis should have any favourite, male or female, unless of his choosing—Richelieu had placed about his person, in the capacity of spy, a young gentleman named Cinq-Mars. This youth, who was very handsome, and engaging in manners, quickly became supreme favourite, and his royal master's bosom-confidant. Louis, in his weak, fretful way, would constantly complain to him of the cardinal's tyranny and of his weariness beneath the yoke; from which this shallow-sighted courtier conceived the assurance that, safe in the royal protection, he might attempt the destruction of the obnoxious minister and leap into his place.

The outcome of such ideas was a conspiracy, which embraced De Bouillon, Orléans, and all the other haters of the great man. While this was concocting, a severe illness kept Richelieu away from the court. He suspected, however, that mischief was brewing, but could obtain no proofs. One day he received anonymously a sealed packet which contained a copy of the conspirators' treaty with Spain. With the spring of a tiger he was upon them: Cinq-Mars was arrested, and Orléans, so swift had been his movement, unable to fly, sent him the most humble excuses, the most cowardly supplications. The condition he imposed upon this double traitor was that he should give up the names of all his accomplices; a condition which he scrupulously and with all alacrity performed. Cinq-Mars boldly asserted that the king knew of his projects, and had not discouraged them. Louis was compelled to admit that a proposition for the cardinal's destruction had been made to him, but protested that he had repelled it with horror; and so he gave up his favourite to the tiger's fangs with the most heartless indifference.

On the morning of the execution he was walking with some gentlemen in the grounds of Saint-Germain. Taking out his watch, and seeing that it was the hour fixed for the fatal event, he said, with the utmost *sang-froid*, "I should like to see the ugly grimace that *cher ami*† is making just now."

More than ever did he now fall beneath

* Louis XIII's amours were few and, it is believed, platonic; yet woe to her upon whom he cast an eye of liking, for from that hour the minister resolved upon her destruction. He banished Mademoiselle de Hauteville from the court, and consigned the beautiful and amiable Mademoiselle de la Fayette to a cloister.

† *Cher ami* was the name he had given the unfortunate Cinq-Mars in the days of his favour.

the domination of his minister, and never had that minister been so triumphant and terrible. His progress from Lyons, where the execution had taken place, to Paris was that of a Cæsar. Being in ill health, he was carried by his guards in a gorgeous litter, which accommodated, besides his bed, seats for two other persons; it was so large that in places walls had to be taken down and gates widened to admit its passage. But the Nemesis of blood was upon the conqueror in the midst of his victory. Sick in body, sick in mind; the hydra sending forth heads faster than ever; the heavy burden of taxation created by the ceaseless wars maddening the lower classes to riot; every hand armed with a dagger against his life; every person that approached the throne threatening that which was dearer to him than life — his power. He dared not stir abroad, even to the king's antechamber, unless surrounded by guards; fear and hatred were the only sentiments he inspired. At last came the end, when the iron will could no longer sustain the frail body, and worn out by labour and anxiety, the great minister lay upon his bed of death. "Sire," he said to the king, who came to visit him, "in taking leave of your Majesty, I have the consolation of leaving your kingdom more powerful than it ever was before, and your enemies abased." Henri Martin, in his "History of France," gives this fine picture of the closing scene: —

On the 3rd of December, in the afternoon, the king came to see the cardinal for the last time. The doctors, having given up all hope, had abandoned the sick man to some empirics who procured him a little relief, but his weakness increased: on the morning of the fourth, perceiving the approach of death, he desired his niece, the Duchess d'Aguillon, to retire, "the person," according to his own words, "whom he had most loved;" it was the only moment, not of weakness, but of tenderness, that he had had; his immovable firmness was not belied during all his long sufferings. All the assistants, ministers, generals, relations, and domestics, were bathed in tears; for this terrible man was, by the confession of contemporaries the least favourable to him, "the best master, relation, and friend that ever existed." Towards noon he heaved a deep sigh, then a feeblener one, then his body sank down and remained immovable — his great soul had departed.

Five months afterwards, on the 14th of May, 1643, Louis followed him into the tomb, thus dying ere he could realize the irreparable loss he had sustained.

With the administration of Richelieu ended that intermediate epoch which be-

gan with Francis I., and which is known, in the history of art, as the Renaissance. It was he who swept away the last outward forms of the feudal system; its spirit lingered in remote provinces until the great Revolution, but as an institution it died with its ancient titles and privileges. In 1626 he had sent forth a mandate for the destruction of the fortifications of all towns and *châteaux* not necessary to the defence of the country, thereby rendering the nobles powerless to resist authority. The counts and dukes who had ruled over the provinces and towns of the kingdom during the Middle Ages, and who, except when the sceptre was grasped by a strong hand, set the central power at defiance, had been superseded by governors appointed by the king; but these dignities, vested in the great families, had gradually become hereditary, and were wielded with a haughtiness and contempt for the royal will scarcely inferior to the ancient suzerains. Richelieu transferred these governorships to inferior personages who could be displaced at pleasure, and whose obedience could thus be more safely relied upon. Until the power of the nobles was crushed, peace and law could never be established, since their pride, their feuds and ambition kept the nation in a constant ferment. It was the substitution of one tyrant for many — an exchange which was favourable to the country for a time, until it developed into that absolute centralization which drained the very life-blood of France during the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. and the whole of that of his successor. Richelieu sowed the first seed of the Revolution.

Reference has already been made to the reforms he effected in the naval administration; scarcely less sweeping were those he brought about in the military department. Special taxes were set aside for the maintenance of the army, the pay and condition of which had been hitherto dependent upon the general state of the finances. The soldiery were forbidden to pillage the inhabitants of the country during war, or to oppress them with cruel exactions, and full justice was done to all who had suffered from such causes. But a yet more radical change from the old to the new style of warfare was effected by the alteration in military costume. The old ponderous panoply of steel was almost entirely cast aside; in the musqueteer guards even the helmet was superseded by a broad-brimmed hat of felt.

No inward reforms, deeply affecting the happiness and well-being of the nation,

could have so effectually marked the transition from the ancient to the modern as the abolition of these old titles, old customs, and old costumes, for these are the symbols which individualize ages and nations. It is these outward husks, and not the entities they shroud, which separate us from Rome and mediævalism. Could some magician bring back the men of past ages we should be astonished to find how little human nature changes, how little better or worse it really is than it was two thousand or five hundred years ago. Now the tiger's claws are sheathed and gloved, in the old times they were more usually worn bare; but they still exist, sharp and cruel as ever, when the pressure comes to draw them forth.

It could be scarcely imagined that amidst such perils and mighty cares a statesman would find time to compose tragedies and busy himself with the pursuits of literature. Nevertheless, our cardinal did find time to keep five poets, among whom was Pierre Corneille, writing plays upon plots he had himself invented; he also wrote a tragi-comedy called "*Mirame*," upon the production of which he expended two hundred thousand crowns. Herein lay the weakness of this iron soul: to praise his play was the surest road to his favour; one writer received six hundred livres for six verses of eulogy, and pensions were liberally scattered upon his flatterers. But beyond such personal vanity, unlike his royal master, who disliked both letters and people of letters, Richelieu took a deep interest in literature and its professors; a little society which met occasionally to discuss literary subjects suggested to him the foundation of a body which should decide all questions of taste, criticism, and language; hence the *Académie Française*, of which he was the founder and protector.

By no means a gay court, although a sensual and licentious one, was that of Louis XIII. Sombre and melancholy, oppressed by a superstitious gloom, which he dignified by the name of religion,* caring little for any diversion save that of hunting, such was the central figure.

He saw himself reduced to the most melancholy and miserable life in the world, without suite, without court, without power, and, consequently, without pleasure and without honour. Thus were passed some years of his life at Saint-Germain, where he lived like a private gentleman; and while his armies were

taking towns and winning battles, he amused himself with catching birds. . . . But the chase did not occupy him so much but that he grew weary at times. Sometimes he would lay hold of a person and say, "Let us stand at that window until we tire ourselves," and then he would fall into a reverie. One could scarcely enumerate all the fine handicrafts he had learned beyond those which concerned the chase; for he would make leather cannons, snares, nets, arquebusses, money. He was a good confectioner, a good gardener, he raised green peas, and sent them to be sold in the market. . . .

Il eut cent vertus de valet
Et pas une vertu de maître.*

The surroundings of this melancholy picture were even darker. The queen usually sequestered from all pleasure by the jealousy of her husband, the whole atmosphere heavy with *espionage*, conspiracy and death, and the grim shadow of the executioner hovering over all. And as though the sword and the axe could not kill fast enough, duels to the death were fought in every street and every public place upon the most frivolous pretences.† It was an age of transition which extended far beyond this reign, until the end of the Fronde time and the administration of Colbert; it was the fight of nature against law, savagery against civilization. Have we gained as much as we imagine by the exchange? It is a question well worth pondering over.

The monarch was but a puppet in the hands of his mighty minister, and would gladly have shaken off the yoke if he had dared. He had never liked the cardinal, even from the time he first came to court as the obsequious and humble friend of the queen-mother. "I know that man better than you do, madame," he said to her one day; "he has a measureless ambition." Fear and incapacity for State affairs were the bonds which bound the master to the servant. And Richelieu used every art to magnify the difficulties of statecraft in his master's eyes. Without this pilot Louis was like a rudderless ship drifting before a gale amidst shoals and quicksands. To a temperament so timid, weak, and vacillating the iron will of such a man was necessary for support.‡

* Tallemant de Réaux—"Historiette de Louis Treizième."

† In twenty years it was calculated that eight thousand were killed in these encounters. In vain did kings issue edicts pronouncing them punishable with death; they were never enforced until Richelieu executed two gentlemen for fighting in the Place Royale.

‡ For the finest portrait ever drawn of this king the reader is referred to Victor Hugo's splendid play of "*Marion de l'Orme*."

* "*Il n'aimoit point Dieu, mais il avoit grand peur de l'enfer*," said a Frenchman epigrammatically.

A figure at once elegant and imposing, a majestic bearing, features delicate, yet stern, and the eye of an eagle, such is the portrait of the great cardinal, which has been handed down to posterity. In society the terrible and relentless statesman was gay and *spirituel*; his conversation, from the extent of his knowledge and the depth of his mind, delightful, and at the same time diversified by *bons mots*, and the gossip of the time. In the society of ladies he was the most polished of gallants; he was a constant frequenter at the Hôtel Rambouillet; assisted at the *thèses d'amour* of the *Précieuses*, and even spoke the jargon of the romances of the period. His ordinary life was one of unceasing labour. He usually retired to rest at eleven o'clock, but slept only three or four hours. His first sleep passed, he had his portfolio brought to him in bed, and either wrote himself or dictated to a secretary. At six o'clock he went to sleep again, but rose between seven and eight. Having performed his devotions, he set his secretaries to copy the despatches of which he had made minutes during the night. After this he dressed, and received his ministers, with whom he shut himself up until ten or eleven. Then he heard mass, and took a walk round the garden, where he gave audience to the numerous inferior persons who sought him. After dinner he conversed for several hours with his guests. The rest of the day was employed in State affairs, in receiving ambassadors and other functionaries. In the evening he took another walk for recreation, and to give audience to those who could not obtain it in the morning.

Judged by the petty canons of a superficial age, of which the littleness of soul is surpassed only by its inflated vanity, the grand, antique figure of this mighty statesman is that of a tyrant and wholesale murderer. But it is by the canons of his own time, and by the broad principles taught by universal history, not by those of milk-sop humanitarians, that Armand Richelieu and his deeds must be judged. It was a vast task he imposed upon himself — out of the anarchy into which the world had fallen to create order. His order, truly, was absolutism, but, nevertheless, it was the first link in the chain which led to liberty. Spite of our nineteenth-century ideas, social and political advancement cannot be accomplished by leaps; it is the slowest and most tedious of all progress, and its motto should be, *Festina lente*. Feudalism, although admirably adapted for

the Middle Ages, would have kept nations in eternal bondage; until that inelastic yoke was removed, the people could never expand. Both in France and England the rise of the middle class dates from the establishment of absolute monarchy, as the rise of the great body of the people dates from the French Revolution. To assert that Richelieu's policy aimed at ultimate freedom would be to assert a fallacy; nevertheless, it did much to bring it about. De Retz has said that "his care for the State did not extend beyond his own life," but that manual of statecraft, the "*Testament Politique*," which he left behind, would seem to refute that theory. The work he did for France was a grand legacy to posterity; he put a termination to the terrible religious wars which had desolated the country during more than a century, and while granting free toleration to its worship, he forever destroyed Protestantism as a political power; he annexed Lorraine and the greater part of Alsace, and conquered the enemies of France, whether English, Spaniards, or Austrians; he reformed both army and navy, and swept away numberless ancient corruptions and abuses. The days for social advancement, for the rise and encouragement of trade and manufactures had not yet come; that was a work reserved for a future minister, a great man, but a much smaller than he. It had not come because the middle class had not risen to sufficient consideration in the State, but Richelieu cut down the barriers which barred their progress; he was Colbert's pioneer. He reformed with axe and sword. The forest must be cleared, the wild beasts slaughtered, before the settler can build his hut, and sow his corn, and live in peace. He was a tyrant only to the great, his vengeance seldom descended on less than a noble. He would have all equal before the king, all equally amenable to the law; in that he was the first abolitionist of privilege; he was the first great liberator of his nation. He was merciless, since the men he resolved to crush could be intimidated only by measures of the extremest rigour. But in war his clemency was far in advance of his age; and his victories were never stained by massacre or cruelty. Of the sacredness of individual life he had no feeling. "I never undertake anything," he said, "without thorough consideration. But when once my resolution is taken, I go straight to my object, I overthrow all, I mow down all, I cover all with my red cassock." And the terrible purpose once resolved upon no prayer could

pierce him, no considerations of gratitude or humanity soften. Once, when in great danger from his enemies, Montmorency offered to shelter and protect him; such generosity should never have been forgotten. But, when the brave *maréchal* lay under sentence of death, he was reminded of the incident, but without effect. He was as much the fox as the lion; the dwarf as the giant; he could even cringe and play the sycophant unto abasement. He was as vindictive as he was ungrateful, and never forgave either slight or injury. His vanity descended to the absurd and undignified. Fontenelle tells us that at the representation of his tragedy, "*Mirame*,"

I have heard say that the applause which was given to the play, or rather to him who was known to be so interested in it, transported the cardinal so beyond himself that sometimes he rose and leaned half out of his box to show himself to the assembly; at other times he imposed silence in order that passages yet finer might be well heard.

He before whose frown the haughtiest nobles, and even the royalty of France trembled, he who held at his will the lives of millions, was transported with delight by the hand-clapping of a few toadies and groundlings!

How greedy he was of all fame is testified in the following passage from one of Mazarin's despatches:—

In all things he desires that the decision, whatever it may be, shall appear to depend upon him, and upon him alone; he allows no person to share in his glory. If he entrust a difficult affair to any one, as soon as he sees it in a good way, he finds means of taking it out of the hands of him to whom he has confided it, and draw it to himself, so that in the end he may have all the honour.

Such was Armand Richelieu, statesman, churchman, soldier, *littérateur*, and *précieux*; he was endowed with many of the meanest and worst qualities of humanity; but he was possessed of a genius for governing men which appears only once in many generations.

From Temple Bar.

HER DEAREST FOE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

KATE settled herself to perform her task of writing to Tom as soon as she had finished a little domestic talk with Mills, who informed her that Doctor Slade had

called early, while she was dressing Miss Fanny, for he was going out to dinner, so Sir Hugh's servant had told Mills, as he passed through the kitchen, to go on some errand for his master. Safe, therefore, from interruption, Mrs. Temple wrote rapidly and fully to her prime counsellor. After explaining her reasons for making Fanny accept Mrs. Turner's invitation, and taking the whole blame of that transaction on herself, she went on to say that she wished very much he would endeavour to see Ford, apparently by accident, to ascertain if he kept up any intercourse with Poole; "for," she wrote, "although I am reluctant to confess what must seem unreasonable suspicions to you, mine have for some time pointed to Ford. Why, I am reluctant to say. When I make up my mind to tell you, perhaps you will admit I am somewhat justified. At any rate, accept such guidance from me, as to direct your inquiries towards this man. Ascertain, if you can, whether he has sought out Gregory's son, or made him any offer. Is Poole still in the old house, or has Sir Hugh Galbraith —"

As she traced the name Mills entered. "He has been ringing again," said she,—Mills seemed to fulfill some self-imposed duty by religiously avoiding the name of her mistress's enemy,— "and he wants to know if it would be perfectly convenient to you to write a bit for him now; he is very sorry to trouble you."

"I will come in ten minutes," replied Mrs. Temple, without raising her eyes, or ceasing to write. "Tell him so, please."

Mills retreated, grumbling vaguely.

Sir Hugh Galbraith was pacing slowly to and fro when she entered. He turned and greeted her with grave politeness, placing a chair at the table, and moving the writing-materials; in doing so he upset some of them, which Mrs. Temple hastened to pick up, with the strange web of compassion that, since she had seen him carried helpless and inanimate into her home, had shot across the warp of her dislike.

"I have to apologize very heartily," said Galbraith, "for trespassing so perseveringly on your time, but I ventured to think that you might be more at leisure in the evening, and I really want a letter despatched."

"I am disengaged now," returned Mrs. Temple, seating herself at once, and getting pen and paper, "but I never am in the morning or afternoon."

"I shall remember," said Galbraith, as

if he intended frequent employment of his fair hostess. Some such idea suggested itself to her, and, strive as she would, she could not restrain a smile, all the softer and sweeter from the effort to be grave. She kept her eyes steadily on the paper, however, and her resolute composure quickly returned. Sir Hugh took his place on the sofa opposite to her. "Are you ready?" he asked.

"I am."

"My dear Upton. I had yours of the 2nd, yesterday. It crossed one I sent you the same day. I now write to say it is exceedingly unlikely I can be in London for some weeks." He stopped, at a sign from his amanuensis. "I feel very shaky still," he resumed, "and must keep quiet, so tell your friend to put me out of his head as a possible purchaser of his horse."

Again a long pause. Mrs. Temple read aloud her last word, to show she had finished, and still no others came. Thinking that he was in the agonies of composition, she kept silence for a moment, and once more, as a reminder, read softly, "purchaser of his horse," looking up as she spoke. She met Galbraith's eyes fixed upon her, as if so absorbed in contemplation that everything else was forgotten, and yet there was no shade of boldness in his grave reflective gaze. Conjecture and admiration might be described, especially the former, but nothing to offend; still Mrs. Temple could not keep down the quick bright blush that flushed her cheek, and then faded slowly away, leaving her paler than before.

"Forgive me," said Sir Hugh, bluntly, yet in less harsh tones than he had hitherto spoken; and leaning his sound arm on the table, he bent towards her. "I had forgotten what I was about, while wondering what freak of fortune drove you to keep a shop!" Again Mrs. Temple's lip curved with a passing smile, and before she could reply Galbraith went on hastily, "I am aware that such remarks are altogether presumptuous, unwarrantable, but I could not keep the words back."

"As you are suffering, and I imagine very dull, I suppose I must not quarrel with you for amusing yourself with speculations concerning my insignificant history! You will find it much more interesting in imagination than in reality, so I shall not enlighten you."

Mrs. Temple looked straight into his eyes as she spoke, something of the dislike and defiance that had struck him so forcibly at first returning to her expression.

"You do not suppose I would venture to ask?" he returned quickly.

"Suppose we finish your letter," said Mrs. Temple quietly.

"Yes, yes, of course; where was I?"

"As a possible purchaser of his horse," read Mrs. Temple demurely.

"Ah!—h'm"—Galbraith's ideas evidently would not come. "I really have nothing more to say—you must just end it if you please."

"But that is so abrupt! Can you not tell your friend how you are going on—when you are likely to leave—but I must beg pardon in my turn. I am going out of my province."

"I am very thankful for any suggestion," replied Galbraith. "Say I am still confoundedly weak, and fear I cannot move for four or five weeks, but that I am in capital quarters." A pause.

"Capital quarters," read Mrs. Temple, looking up with an unrestrained smile, so bright and frank that it seemed a gleam of real light. "Shall I add, 'and a secretary on the premises'?"

"If you like," replied Sir Hugh, also relaxing into a smile. "But that is self-evident. Will you add, that as soon as I am strong enough I shall join him in Dublin, if he thinks he can manage to get away to the west for some trout-fishing?"

Mrs. Temple bent her head, and wrote on quickly and steadily; presently she pressed the page on the blotting-paper, and presented it for Galbraith's signature, holding it as before with a firm, still, white hand.

"You don't know how much obliged to you I am," he said, pausing with the pen in his hand, and looking up in her face with his grave sombre eyes, which had a sort of yearning expression at times. "I should be badly off without your help. As to letting that doctor write for me, I should let everything go to smash for want of a line, first. He is an infernal gossip—I mean a confirmed gossip."

"Yes, that is better," said Mrs. Temple, softly and gravely. "I should think gossip too weak a diversion for the Inferno! a devil is nothing if he is not strong!"

Sir Hugh looked at her with increasing curiosity; there was such a contrast between her words and the gentle accent with which they were uttered.

"That is one's idea of a devil certainly," he returned.

"Had you not better sign your letter, and let it be posted? My good old Mills

is going to fetch my young friend and assistant, who is out this evening; she can post it for you."

"Thank you; and I am keeping you standing."

Galbraith hastily scrawled a hieroglyphic at the end of his letter, and handed it back to his fair secretary, who proceeded deliberately to fold and address it.

"There is sealing-wax somewhere," said Sir Hugh, who was by no means anxious to shorten the operation; "I think it had better be sealed."

"Very well," she replied, searching among the writing-things. "But I cannot see any. If you want some, Sir Hugh Galbraith," pronouncing his name rather slowly, and for the first time, "I sell the article, and will be happy to supply you—an excellent quality twopence per stick, first-rate threepence!"

She paused as she said this, resting one hand on the table, and looking quietly at him, but with a sort of suppressed sparkle under her long lashes.

"And I shall be delighted to become your customer," returned Galbraith, laughing. "Shall I ring for your housekeeper to—"

"Oh! I know where to find it, and will not keep you a moment," interrupted Mrs. Temple.

"But it gives you so much trouble!"

"Consider the unexpected sale of twopennyworth of sealing-wax—or, shall we say threepence?"

She left the room as she spoke, swiftly but without hurry, and Galbraith was still smiling and pulling his moustaches when she returned with two pieces of sealing-wax and a lighted taper. "Twopence," said she, holding up one piece; then, raising the other, added "threepence."

"The first quality, of course," said Sir Hugh, laughing, and with a brighter expression than she had yet seen upon his countenance.

"Now for a seal; I could not see any."

"I have my ring," interrupted Sir Hugh.

"Which you cannot get off," said Mrs. Temple; "so I brought you one, with the latest motto, 'Reply quickly.' Will that do?"

"Very well, indeed; your forethought is admirable, Mrs. Temple. You would make a good general."

"I trust I may prove a successful one, when my battle begins," said the young widow with a sigh, looking down at the seal she was affixing; she could neither account for, nor resist the impulse to bring her masked batteries into play.

Never before had she felt the same vivid interest as in the daring game on which she had ventured; and which, even while it half frightened her, she could not relinquish. If she could only get well through it, and accomplish Galbraith's chastisement before Tom could find out what was going on, or interfere, or even look disapprobation; for she dearly loved her kindly, pleasant, honest counsellor, and highly valued his good opinion. Still, the game was worth the candle; she only intended to bring down her foe from his proud pre-eminence, not to hurt him seriously; but while she thought, Galbraith was saying,

"Is there a fight before you, then?"

"Yes; a worse one than you were ever in—a legal battle."

"I am sorry to hear it; a lawsuit is a serious affair. I was very near launching into one myself, and I don't feel quite sure I am safe yet."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Temple, pausing, as she closed the ink-bottle, and looking up quickly and keenly in his face, forgetting everything save the desire to glean some straw of intelligence to show her how the current was setting. "Indeed! but if you *do* drift into such a contest, you have wealth, and rank, and influence. I have nothing, and am nobody." A sweet arch smile. "Nevertheless, once the fight begins, believe me, I will stand to my guns as long as I have a round of ammunition, Sir Hugh Galbraith; so good-evening."

"One moment," he exclaimed, eagerly; for he was marvellously roused and stirred. "I wished to speak to you about a—one or two things."

"And they are?" asked Mrs. Temple, pausing in her retreat.

"Oh—ah!—I hope my fellow, Jackson, gives no unnecessary trouble to Mrs. What's-her-name?—that he behaves properly. These troopers are rough customers; but Jackson and I have gone through a campaign together, and he suits me much better than a fine-gentleman valet." For once in his life, Galbraith was talking against time, though thinking himself an idiot all the while.

"He seems to get on very well with Mills," said Mrs. Temple, feeling anxious to retire. "I hear no complaint. I hope you have all you require, and are comfortable. I feel I ought to justify Dr. Slade's recommendation."

"I never was so well placed before," returned Sir Hugh; "and if you will be so good as to write a letter for me occasionally, there is nothing else I can want;

but," seeing her about to speak, "I will not have Slade for a secretary."

"Well, we will try and manage your correspondence for you," said Mrs. Temple, good-humouredly; and repeating her "good-evening," moved decidedly to the door.

Galbraith's resources were exhausted, so he opened it for her, exclaiming, "I am sorry for the opposite party in your coming battle, Mrs. Temple. You are a dangerous antagonist."

"I will endeavour to be dangerous, depend upon it," said she; and bending her head in return for his bow, she swept away without raising her eyes.

"That woman has a history," thought Sir Hugh, closing the door after her. "Yet how fresh, and fair, and young she looks! She is a gentlewoman; she must be a gentlewoman; there's not a tinge of anything bold in her fearless frankness. How much more pluck Upton has in some things than I have! Had he been in my place, now—by Jove! he would have asked her to pull off his ring to seal that letter; I daren't. After all, would he have dared? I doubt it. I wonder what the late Temple was like. A white-choked elder of some Methodist chapel, probably. These tradesmen are all Dis-senting Radical hounds! How could such a woman as that marry one of these fellows; she never learnt that style, those manners, behind a counter. By George! perhaps"—he stopped even from consecutive thought, as some conjecture, possibly more repulsive than the Methodist husband, suggested itself; and with a look of anger and disgust, addressed himself to the task of lighting a cigar with a twist of paper, which burnt his fingers, and evoked some bad language before he succeeded.

Fanny returned in due course, escorted both by Mrs. Mills and Joseph, junior; she was considerably less bright than when she started. "Oh! they were very kind and hospitable," she said, in reply to some inquiries from her friend; "but I was obliged to eat a great deal more than was good for me; and then we had an adorable young man from Stoneborough. And another who sells fish, I think. The Stone man is evidently Miss Turner's property. The fishmonger, I flatter myself, fell to my spear. He wasn't nice—and Mr. Joseph lamented to me privately, as we walked home, that his parents had done him irreparable injury at his baptism, by bestowing such a ridiculous name upon him. I consoled him to the best of my

power, and advised him to turn it into Beppo—the idea pleased him; but he wanted to know who Beppo was. So I exclaimed, 'What! an admirer of Byron not know one of his leading characters.' At which he was annihilated, and we arrived here in peace. I was so glad he said no more, because I began to be afraid Beppo wasn't in Byron at all. But he is, isn't he, Kate?"

Mrs. Temple reassured her.

"Then he proposed driving me and his sister over to Stoneborough, which was alarming. And oh, they perfectly stupefied me with questions about Sir Hugh. Never send me there again, Kate."

"I think we had better let him know you are engaged."

"But I am not; not regularly, you know; only if —"

"Fanny! do you consider yourself free to marry any one?"

"Well—no, not exactly."

"That is quite enough. We had better say good-night."

"And what have you been doing all the long evening?" said Fanny, yawning.

"Nothing particular. I have read; written one letter to Tom, and another for my enemy."

"Another for Sir Hugh! Oh! my goodness, Kate."

"Yes; and he coolly declares we must manage his correspondence for him. He will not have Dr. Slade. So as he will be here but a short time, we must make the best of it; only you must do your share."

"Me! I should be afraid to go near him, after what Tom said."

"Nonsense, Fan; he is a quiet, civil, grave personage, more like a parson than a soldier; though I fancy, full of pride and prejudice; but come, let to-morrow take care of itself—to bed, to bed, to bed."

A few days passed unmarked by any event; for Sir Hugh Galbraith's requirements and correspondence had become almost a daily occupation. Fanny had been sent once in Mrs. Temple's place, and had returned utterly discomfited. "I knew I should make a mess of it," she said. "I never saw such a cold, proud, stern, disagreeable man. I went in trembling, and he made me shake in my shoes! the sort of bow he made and the stare he gave, was enough to turn one to stone. And oh, the muddle I got into with the letter—writing the same things over two or three times, and leaving out other bits; even Sir Hugh laughed at last, and said,

'You are not quite so good an amanuensis as your sister.' Then I exclaimed, 'She is not my sister;' and, perhaps, I ought not to have said so. I will not write any more for him, Kate! that I can tell you."

Meantime, Tom had not been idle; and in due time Kate received a report of his proceedings.

"Your suggestions are very good," wrote the London agent of the Berlin Bazaar; "and so far as I can I will carry them out; but it is not so easy to invent an accident that will bring me in contact with Ford. I am not in a position to require a stockbroker, and if I were, your views would not incline me to trust much capital in his hands. However, I will be on the lookout. I could not manage to see Gregory till last night; and, curious enough, your ideas are so far justified, that Ford has called upon him, but did not see him, as Captain Gregory was out. So far, the stars in their courses fight for you! I warned Gregory to say nothing of the will, beyond the bare fact of knowing that his father drew one for Mr. Travers, also to keep his communications with myself, and the affidavit, as dark as possible. This, I think, the worthy captain will do, as he has a prejudice against Ford, because of his supposed injustice to 'father.' I think, therefore, that Gregory is armed at all points; at the same time, I must say that your suspicions of Ford seem to me, to say the least, unfounded. What object could he possibly have in bestowing so great a benefit on a man, who would unhesitatingly hand him over to the powers that punish if he found out the fraud; for even you do not imagine Sir Hugh would be a party to it. I cannot help thinking that your best plan would be, now you have such a curious opportunity, to make Galbraith's acquaintance, see what sort of a fellow he is, and then let me come down and negotiate between you. I am certain he would make a very much better settlement in this way than the lawyers proposed. And after all, you wished him to have a fair share of the property. The fact is, that although an advanced Liberal, I cannot reconcile myself to think of you and Fanny always behind a counter, and open to the addresses of any accomplished Turner of your society. It may do for a picturesque episode, but will never answer in the long run. Think over my proposition, and don't reject it with scorn right off. Thank Fan for her description of the supper, and say she *might* write a little more legibly, etc. etc."

"Make terms with Hugh Galbraith —

never! unless I dictate them," was Kate's mental comment on this epistle. "For even if the discovery of another will released me from any compromise I might have made I should feel bound in honour not to look for one. It is deplorable that this wrong-headed man should have so mortally offended poor Mr. Travers! All would have gone right then. Why should he despise me so fiercely, at least the 'me' he thinks I am?" a half-pleased smile parted her lips as she thought. "But to submit to the will that placed me at his feet — at his mercy — never! As to the rest, I think he likes me: I have set the wheel in motion, but can I stop it?"

Kate pondered long and vaguely. Though she had been a wife, she knew nothing of love or lovers, save from books, which she was inclined to believe greatly exaggerated the subject. Matrimony had been a most prosaic and disenchanting condition to her, and though too natural and sympathetic a woman to be indifferent to admiration, her own heart was almost an unsolved mystery to her, and she scarcely believed in love. Freedom, knowledge, movement, colour; pleasant friends, and the power of serving them; a bright home, and the power of embellishing it — these were her outlines of happiness. For the present it was infinitely amusing to play with Galbraith's evident curiosity and dawning admiration, which, by relaxing his mental fibres, would do a man of that description infinitely more good than harm; and, come what might, she felt no fear of consequences to herself, as she was quite resolved to act the prudent, quiet landlady to the last.

Absorbed in her own thoughts, she had not noticed the flight of time, and was startled by the entrance of Fanny.

"It is quite seven, isn't it?" said that young lady, looking at a watch which lay on a stand. "The boy may put up the shutters? I am quite tired of staying there by myself, in the dusk, and it would be sinful to light up for nothing."

"Oh, yes, dear," returned Kate, folding up her letter; "it is quite time to close." So saying, she stirred the fire and lit the lamp, for one of the charms of the "shop parlour" was, that it had no gas. It was, as has been said before, a low, wainscoted room, with a wide, tiled fireplace and carved oak mantelshef, over which was a tall, narrow glass, with old-fashioned girandoles at each side. A few bits of good old china enlivened it, and a couple of gay prints under the girandoles finished it off pleasantly.

The objectionable horsehair chairs and sofas had been covered with bright chintz. A sort of sideboard of stained wood ran along the side of the room opposite the fire, with a cupboard at each end, and open shelves in the centre filled with books. This was adorned by a saucer or two full of moss and primroses prettily arranged, and a tiny pierced flower-vase of raised Dresden ware was stuck full of violets, scenting the room with their delicate fragrance.

The lamp stood on a solid, old-fashioned, octagon table, which had been rescued from a remote corner of the house, and its cover of rich red cloth gave just the amount of colour to complete the picture of a pleasant, unpretending interior, which nevertheless had the indefinable expression in its general effect which bespoke the presence of gentlewomen.

When Mrs. Mills brought in the teakettle and equipage, she observed to her mistress, "I made a couple of rounds of buttered toast, ma'am, for you didn't eat much dinner; and he"—a motion of the hand upwards—"wants his letters wrote as usual; and he desired me to say that, if you like, he will come down here to save you the trouble of going up to him."

"I really think it would be better," said Mrs. Temple, looking at Fanny.

"Perhaps so; but if you once let him in you will never get rid of him—that's my opinion," returned Fanny, sagely.

"My compliments, Mills; say we are just going to tea, and afterwards we shall be happy to write for him, if he chooses to come down, unless he would like a cup of tea."

"Oh, Kate!" cried Fanny; "what would Tom say?"

"That I am heaping coals of fire on my enemy's head! It is so churlish to tell him to wait till we have done eating."

"Am I to say that?" asked Mills, with unmistakable disapprobation.

"No, no!" cried Kate, laughing. "It would be cruel to let him devour your toast, Mills. Say I will receive him after tea."

That meal had hardly been despatched, and the things cleared away, when a knock at the door announced their visitor.

He paused a moment, as if struck by the simple, graceful comfort of the room. Mrs. Temple rose and advanced a step to receive him. "I am glad you are so much better," she said, "as to venture down-stairs."

Fanny murmured, "Good-evening," and dropped a slight curtsy.

"Thank you for permitting me to come! I must trouble you with a very short letter this evening," returned Sir Hugh.

"Sit near the fire," said Kate, feeling it was a totally different matter, receiving him in her parlour, from visiting him in his.

"What a pleasant, cheerful room this is," he observed, taking the chair indicated; "quite different from mine."

Fanny observed that he had discarded his dressing-gown, and, although only in a velveteen shooting-coat, was got up with some care. He was certainly tall and gaunt, and plain, but had, she thought, a soldierly, distinguished air.

Meantime she settled herself to her needlework in demure silence, and Mrs. Temple, producing pen, ink, and paper, replied to Sir Hugh's remark, "You must not disparage my drawing-room, it is the pride of my house."

"Oh, it is very nice indeed! but it is somehow rather desolate."

"Shall I begin?" said Kate.

"Yes, if you please."

"Dear Sirs,—I feel somewhat surprised not to have heard again from you on the subject of yours of 2nd inst."

Kate having written this, looked up.

"That's all," said Sir Hugh. "Will you direct it to Messrs. Payne and Layton, Gray's Inn?"

Mrs. Temple obeyed in silence, with an odd sense of danger. What if by chance it fell into Mr. Wall's hands? He knew her writing so well, what would he think? She could only hope it would not.

Fanny, in the mean time watching Galbraith sign his name, could not hold her tongue any longer. "How hard it must be to write with one's left hand," said she, timidly.

"The result is not very satisfactory," replied Sir Hugh. "At any rate, it could not be easily imitated."

A long pause ensued. Galbraith was evidently in no hurry to go away, and Mrs. Temple would not start any topic of conversation. At last Sir Hugh observed that he hoped, from what Slade had told him, to be able to write his own letters in another month.

"How nice that will be!" exclaimed Fanny.

"Because you will then be freed from the chance of having to write for me?" asked Galbraith with a good-humoured smile.

"Oh, no! I did not mean that!" she cried, blushing very prettily.

"Fanny was dreadfully distressed at

having been so indifferent a secretary the other day," said Mrs. Temple.

"It was as much my fault as hers," replied Sir Hugh, turning his eyes full upon Kate as she spoke. "You teach me how to dictate as we go on. You seem to understand your work thoroughly."

"I used to write a good deal for poor Mr.—I mean my husband," returned Kate, pulling herself up just in time.

"Ah! I suppose he was also in business?"

"He was. All my people were."

"Except me," said Fanny, quickly; "that is the reason I am so little good now."

Galbraith then made some remark on the probable age of the house, which led to a discussion on the origin and rise of Pierstoffe; and Mrs. Temple promised to look out a quaint history of —shire she had bought at a book-stall, where some interesting particulars were to be found respecting their present locality. Then Fanny, with some dexterity, turned the conversation to India, and induced Sir Hugh to give some description of the country and its sports. The moments flew quickly, till Mrs. Temple, glancing at her watch, said, smiling, "In the absence of Dr. Slade, I must remind you that invalids must keep early hours."

"I fear I have intruded too long," returned Sir Hugh, rising. "I am greatly obliged to you for the relief of a little society."

"Well, Kate," said Fanny, when he was quite gone, "if it was not my duty to hate Sir Hugh Galbraith, I should say he was rather awful, but very nice."

CHAPTER XIX.

A BRIGHT sun and keen wind were playing havoc with the old and infirm, the weak-lunged and rheumatic, in famous London town about a month after Sir Hugh Galbraith's accident, and Tom Reed was walking thoughtfully down the Strand, after witnessing the last rehearsal of his smart little piece previous to its production. His thoughts were agreeable. After a long, brave struggle with fortune she was beginning to yield coyly to his embrace. He was tolerably sure of the editorship of the *Thresher*; should P—not be able to resume that office, and altogether he felt it due to himself, to Fanny, to Mrs. Travers, that he should run down to Pierstoffe on Saturday and have a talk with them. "I have not heard from either for two or three days," thought

Tom; "I suppose Galbraith is gone by this time: what a curious eddy of circumstances that he should be carried into Mrs. Travers's house! I wish she would hear reason about that will. It was an infamous affair, but she will never upset it—oh, Mr. Ford!"

This exclamation was elicited by a gentleman who stopped suddenly before him, so as to arrest his progress.

"Mr. Reed," he returned, "I was determined not to let you pass me as you did before."

"Did I?" cried Tom, shaking hands with him; "where?"

"At the exhibition of water-colours; but you had some ladies with you, so I did not speak."

"Well, I am very much obliged to you for stopping me now; I was lost in thought. How have you been this age? Why, it is just a year since I saw you."

"Yes! just a year," echoed Ford. "Oh! I am quite well—never was better." But he did not look so. He was thinner and more haggard than of old, and had a more restless, shifty expression than ever in his eyes. "Have you been always in town?" he continued. "I thought you must have been away, from never meeting you."

Tom's caution was aroused by the sort of suppressed eagerness underlying his efforts at easy cordiality.

"Yes, I may say I have, except for a night or two, and one short run to the Continent; but I have been desperately busy, and our lines are not likely to cross."

"Exactly so," said Ford. "I will turn with you as far as Hungerford Market. Pray, have you any news of our friends Mrs. Travers and Miss Lee?"

"Yes; I had a letter from Mrs. Travers a short time ago; they were quite well—flourishing, in short."

"At Wiesbaden?"

"I am not at liberty to say where," said Tom Reed, smiling pleasantly.

"I should have imagined," returned Ford, with the old, nervous catch in his voice, "that considering the long-standing acquaintance I had with Mrs. Travers, and the devotion I ever showed to her interest, an exception might be made in my favour."

"I dare say she would herself; but you must see I couldn't."

"Well, Mr. Reed, will you satisfy me on one point?—is she living in tolerable comfort? Is her plan of a school succeeding?"

"I assure you, Mr. Ford, she is very

comfortable at present, and her plan is fairly successful."

"Fairly successful," repeated Ford, thoughtfully. "Well, I too have been fairly successful, and have some idea of taking a holiday this summer in order to enjoy a trip on the Continent. Should my presence annoy Mrs. Travers I would avoid any town she resided in—if you would tell me where she is!"

"Nonsense!" cried Tom; "I dare say she would be very pleased to see any 'auld acquaintance.'"

"But you forget, Mr. Reed," with a wavering, mechanical smile, "I was unfortunately the means of discovering that unlucky, that disgraceful will; I even placed it in her hands; and, innocent as I am, I fear she will never forgive me."

"I think you do Mrs. Travers injustice," said Tom; "she is not that sort of person."

"But ladies" (Ford would not have said "women" for the world) "ladies are not always very just in their conclusions; though, of course, *you* must see that I was quite an involuntary agent."

"Of course, of course," said Tom, yet a strange doubt seemed to come to him, even while Ford was protesting his innocence. "What are you doing now?" he continued, to change the subject.

"Oh, I am working up a tolerable business as a ship-broker and insurer—underwriting on a small scale; but I should be very happy to see you, Mr. Reed, any evening you are inclined to look in at my place. I have changed my quarters; stay, here is my card."

"Thank you. I fancy you had better look in on me, No. 6,—Court, Temple; I am more in your way coming out of the City—and tell me what is Travers & Co. doing."

"Winding up as fast as they can. Sir Hugh Galbraith had a bad fall out hunting I saw by the papers."

"Yes, I heard so. By the way, do you ever see anything of Poole, the fellow who was one of the witnesses to that unfortunate will?"

"No; do you know anything of him?"
"Not much; but I am afraid he is not in very good hands, and has a dangerous taste for the turf."

"A great mistake on his part."

"Well, I must leave you, for I have to meet a man at the House of Commons at two. By-the-bye, I have a play coming out at the 'Lesbian' to-morrow night. I'll send you orders if you like." "Must keep him in sight," thought Tom to him-

self, "though there's not much to be got out of him."

"Thank you," returned Ford, "I should very much like to go. By the way, as I presume you have Mrs. Travers's address"—Tom nodded—"perhaps you would have no objection to forward a letter for me to her?"

"None whatever," exclaimed Tom; "send it under cover to me; she shall have it, and will reply, I have no doubt, in due course."

"So I suppose," said Ford, stiffly; "why should she not?"

"Why indeed," replied Tom, politely and indefinitely. "Good-morning."

So they parted. Reed hurrying on to his appointment and thinking what a worthy, respectable, tiresome prig Ford was, in spite of a spasm of suspicion that once shot across him as they were speaking, but which had vanished as the conversation continued. "He is evidently full of thought and sympathy for his late employer's widow. I wonder why she is so inveterate against him; it is not like her to be so unreasonable. To be sure, I have never heard her reasons."

Ford plodded moodily on to take a boat at Hungerford Stairs. He was evidently in deep thought; he jostled in an unconscious way against several passers-by, and stood so lost in his own reflections upon the platform that he missed one boat, and would have missed a second, had not an amphibious creature, with a rope in his hand, called out in stentorian tones, "Now, then, where are you for?" His face looked older, greyer, and more pained in expression, when he stepped ashore at London Bridge than when he parted with Tom Reed half an hour before. Perhaps all the grief and disappointment, the smouldering indignation, the bitter sense of being undervalued, and, worse than all, the unconfessed consciousness that he could not rely upon himself; all these vultures which gnawed and tortured him, more or less at times, had not in them such elements of tragedy as in two words which seemed to trace themselves on the atmosphere before him, and on the thought within him; they were—"in vain."

If Mr. Ford had been a tall, dignified patrician with a schedule of debts and a doubtful past, or an eager, fiery democrat, burning to right the wrongs of every one under the sun, but leaving his children to fight their own battles the best way they could, the task of dissecting such characters—demonstrating their defects, demanding admiration for their nobler as-

pects, asking sympathy for their trials, compassion for their weakness, and justice tempered by mercy for the total—would be deemed no unworthy task for a novelist's or biographer's pen. But when the subject "of the sketch" is a middle-aged man of middle height and sloping shoulders—of good business capacities, of undoubted integrity, of unimpeached morality, guiltless of any excess, his principal recreation a mild taste for art and a keen ambition to be attired as becomes a swell—which of our young lady readers would care to be informed how vanity and weakness combined to ruin and corrode much that was good, and how in a man, whose life of quiet, unvaried work knew little that was bright, an intense, unresisted passion, too strong for the character it dominated, mastered his reason and drove him into the wilderness where right and wrong were confounded in outer darkness.

Tom Reed had finished his letter to Mrs. Temple, describing his interview with Ford, the day following. He had written it at intervals as the interruptions of the M. T. office would permit, and perhaps less clearly than usual, as he was somewhat excited by the event which was to come off that evening at the "Lesbian." "You may depend on my posting you a line with the result, good or bad, before I sleep to-night." He had just added this as a P.S., when a boy—an inky boy—in shirt-sleeves, entered with a crumpled card on which was inscribed "Mr. J. D. Trapes."

"What a—nuisance!" growled Tom; "I can't see him. You did not say I was in, did you?"

"No, sir, I said I'd see."

"And so did I," cried a thick voice behind him; a loud laugh ensued, and Mr. J. D. Trapes presented himself.

"Excuse me! I really do want a few words with you, most particularly, or I shouldn't intrude. Reed, it's a shame for you to deny yourself to an old friend."

"Must do so in the office, you see; or we would get no work done," returned Tom, putting the best face he could on it, as he shook his visitor's hand. "And as time is precious, what can I do for you?"

"Oh, a great many things! Fork out a fiver; put your name to a little bill at thirty-one days; give me three to five against 'Leonidas' just to square my book. Lots of things, which I know you won't do! However, the thing I really want won't cost much. Who is the man you were speaking to in the Strand yes-

terday, just by the turn to Hungerford Market?"

"Why? What do you want to know about him?" asked Tom, with a sudden dim sense of a necessity for caution.

"I only want his name and address. I have a strong idea he is a fellow I have lost sight of for some time, that owes me a pot of money."

"Oh! then I am sure it cannot be my friend," said Tom, laughing. "Ford never owed any one sixpence, I am quite sure."

"Ford, did you say?" repeated the other, sharply. "No, that was not the name. Who is he?"

"He is a ship-broker, I believe; he was the head clerk in a large City house."

"So was my man," returned Trapes, carelessly. "What was the firm?"

"Travers & Co."

"Ay! I remember; you used to go down to Hampton Court to see old Travers's widow. Saw you with her once in Bushey Park! Sly dog! Something wrong with the will, eh?"

"How the deuce do you know?"

"Aha! I know lots of things that would surprise you, though I am a failure and you have shot ahead. Reed! we've changed places since we were first acquainted."

"I am sorry to hear you talk like that, Trapes," said Tom, kindly. "If you feel yourself going down, why don't you stop and turn round?"

"It's easy to talk," returned the other, with various expletives, which must not be reproduced here. "Did you ever know a man stop and turn round, once he was fairly set agoing down hill? If you catch him before he is over the brow well and good, you may put on the drag; but not after—not after!" he repeated, gloomily. Then brightening up, if such an expression could be applied to a face like his, and before Tom could speak, he went on: "The fact is, I never could plod. I never was like you. I wanted to go the pace from the beginning, and I went it! Too much quicksilver in my veins, eh, my boy? Never mind, I begin to see my way to a good thing, and if I succeed I'll reform—if I don't! Look here now. What does respectability and morality and all the rest of it mean? A good coat on your back, a good balance at your banker's. But look at the difference; you are a jolly good fellow if you can pay for your vices, or virtues—upon my soul I believe they are convertible terms—but an infer-

nal blackguard and a blockhead to boot, if you can't. Look here, Reed; I dare say you think you are a — cleverer fellow than I am; but I can tell you, you are not; you are steady and industrious, which being interpreted, generally means a sneak and a grubber; nothing personal intended, you know! and look where you are."

"Well," said Tom, good-humouredly, seeing his old acquaintance had had something stronger than tea for his breakfast. "I am glad your free translation was not personally intended; and I am very glad you have something good in prospect; in the mean time —"

"In the mean time," interrupted Trapes, coarsely, "you'll lend me five pounds, till times mend?"

"No, I shall not," said Tom, still good-humoured, but decided. "I will gladly try to put you in the way of earning something; you used to turn out good work; for I am quite ready to admit you are a cleverer fellow than myself. Why, you ought to do something even in copying. You wrote, and probably still write, a capital hand!"

"Not quite so steady as it used to be," replied the other, with a leer. "But you are right; 'it's a capital hand, and it shall make me a capitalist yet. By the way,' with a sudden change of tone, 'if five is too much, could you manage a sov?'"

"Perhaps I can," returned Tom, smiling, and thinking he would, by a moderate outlay, purchase immunity from the inroads of Mr. J. D. Trapes. "But I can assure you, my success has by no means reached that height at which five-pound notes become plentiful. However, if a sovereign is of any use," drawing out his purse, "you are welcome to one."

"Thank you," said Trapes, pocketing it. "Will pay back with interest — twenty per cent. 'pon honour, if I succeed in my grand coup." He threw on his hat, which, as well as the rest of his attire, was of the seediest, but still some degrees better than the garments he wore when Tom and Fanny met him at the Waterloo Station; and with a defiant air was turning to leave Tom's dingy little den, when he suddenly stopped, and exclaimed with an oath, "I nearly forgot; where does this Ford hang out. What's his place of business?"

"That I do not know," said Tom. "And you know City men don't consider it the correct thing to give their private address to any except personal friends."

"Oh, never mind," returned Trapes, with a wave of the hand, intended to ex-

press contempt; "I know a man who was in the same office with him, he will tell me."

"But, if Ford is not the man who owes you money, what do you want so particularly with him?"

"If it's not him he's uncommon like him! perhaps he is his twin brother, and can give me information," said Trapes, with a grin. "At all events, Master Tom, you may be clever enough to succeed, but you are not clever enough to suck my brains, or find out my little game, I can tell you; though, I daresay you are calling me a drunken vagabond in your own mind. I'd like to hear you say it, sir! I'd like to hear you say it!"

With a gloomy and threatening countenance, the wretched man abruptly turned his back upon Tom, and departed. With a mixture of disgust and regret, Tom resumed the work he had interrupted.

"I wonder if anything could have saved that fellow? The best and the worst of us have turning-points; and it's an awful business if the pointsman is not at hand to keep the train on the right line! But what does he want with Ford? for it is evident Ford is the man he wants. Ford was never on the turf, even in the mildest form. I doubt if he ever went to the Derby." As no solution offered itself, Tom shook his head, and proceeded in his task of demolishing the arguments in a rival "leader" of that morning; but at intervals the unanswerable question would recur: "What can the fellow want with Ford?"

The night brought triumph! Tom's piece was received with genuine hearty laughter and applause. The smiling manager promised its repetition, every night till further announcements; and the author bowed his acknowledgments from a private box. But faithful to his word, though wearied by work, excitement, and the laughter of a jovial supper-party, Tom did not sleep that night till he had written and posted a few joyous, loving lines to Fanny, enclosing a letter, which he found on his table, from Ford; and adding a word of warning for Kate. "I would not reply too quickly were I you, nor mention the date on which I received the enclosed missive; dates might suggest the probable distance of your present locale from the twelve-mile radius. Though why you choose to preserve such strict incognito, I don't pretend to judge."

Mr. Ford's letter gave Mrs. Temple some food for thought, it was as follows:—

"My dear Mrs. Travers,— I trust you will not deem me intrusive if I avail myself of your friend Mr. Reed's permission to address a few lines to one whose interest and welfare have ever, since the days of our early friendship, been most dear to me. I feel that, hurried on by an impetuosity which blinded me to the requirements of good taste and sound judgment, I wofully offended you at our last meeting; also that the fact of my having been the innocent instrument of discovering the document which has so fatally injured your fortunes, has affected your opinion prejudicially against me, and I have long wished for an opportunity to remonstrate against your severity, and if possible, win back the confidence you once reposed in me. I acknowledge with much penitence, that the expression of my feelings was premature; that I did not show the delicacy due to your recent widowhood; but, now that time and distance have intervened, is there no hope that a devotion so true, so lasting as mine, dating from those days of simple happiness, when I was a favoured guest of your dear and respected mother, may not at last win some return— may not ultimately, meet success! I would not venture to urge my suit upon you were it not that fortune has smiled upon me, however undeserving, more than she has upon your excellent self, and I venture to offer you the comforts of an unpretending, though not, I hope, unrefined home. As regards that most disgraceful will, need I remind you that I hastened to place it in your hands—and myself at your disposal. Your present position is not of *my* making; and that position is an unceasing source of agony; I repeat the word, agony, to me! Young, beautiful, accustomed to a life of luxury and observance, how can you contend against the difficulties which surround you, and which are, or will be, aggravated by the cruel malice of an envious world. While on this topic, suffer me to point out that the fact of your residence being known only to a young and not over-steady man like Mr. Reed, whose estimate of himself is rather above than below par, is, to say the least, liable to misconception.

"I think it right to mention that in one of my interviews with Sir Hugh Galbraith, he questioned me as to your surroundings and associations with a brutal directness, which almost urged me, contrary to my habits, to personal violence. He then, with a sneer, observed that he was told your only confidant was a good-

looking young vagabond connected with the press. I feel, therefore, justified, in recommending that you should reveal your abode either to myself as an old and trusted acquaintance of your late husband, or to Mr. Wall, a very respectable and trustworthy person.

"Would I dare hope for permission to visit you and urge my cause. When I remember the happy evenings in which I was permitted to share your graceful task of tending your favourite flowers, I feel the bitterest regret at the unaccountable estrangement which has occurred. Then I flattered myself that a strong sympathy existed between us, and that you were not unconscious nor quite averse to my unspoken admiration! How my hopes and your happiness were blighted by untoward circumstances, it is not for me to recapitulate. It is, though no doubt for different reasons, engraven on both our hearts!

"Again, entreating your pardon and favourable consideration,

"I am, dear Mrs. Travers, as ever, devotedly yours, "JAMES W. FORD."

"P.S. Pray excuse all errors in this hurried scrawl."

It had cost him a night's rest to polish and elaborate!

The effect of this epistle on the young widow can only be described by a line in Fanny's reply to Tom Reed:

"Whatever was in Mr. Ford's letter, it has set Kate dancing mad!"

From Macmillan's Magazine.

JOHN KNOX AND HIS RELATIONS TO WOMEN.

I.

THE CONTROVERSY ABOUT FEMALE RULE.

WHEN first the idea became widely spread among men that the Word of God, instead of being truly the foundation of all existing institutions, was rather a stone which the builders had rejected, it was but natural that the consequent havoc among received opinions should be accompanied by the generation of many new and lively hopes for the future. Somewhat as in the early days of the French Revolution, men must have looked for an immediate and universal improvement in their condition. Christianity, up to that time, had been somewhat of a failure politically. The reason was now obvious, the capital flaw

was detected, the sickness of the body politic traced at last to its efficient cause. It was only necessary to put the Bible thoroughly into practice, to set themselves strenuously to realize in life the Holy Commonwealth, and all abuses and iniquities would surely pass away. Thus, in a pageant played at Geneva in the year 1523, the world was represented as a sick man at the end of his wits for help, to whom his doctor recommends Lutheran specifics.*

The reformers themselves had set their affections in a different world, and professed to look for the finished result of their endeavours on the other side of death. They took no interest in politics as such; they even condemned political action as antichristian: notably, Luther in the case of the Peasants' War. And yet, as the purely religious question was inseparably complicated with political difficulties, and they had to make opposition, from day to day, against principalities and powers, they were led, one after another, and again and again, to leave the sphere which was more strictly their own, and meddle, for good and evil, with the affairs of State. Not much was to be expected from interference in such a spirit. Whenever a minister found himself galled or hindered, he would be inclined to suppose some contravention of the Bible. Whenever Christian liberty was restrained (and Christian liberty for each individual would be about coextensive with what he wished to do), it was obvious that the State was antichristian. The great thing, and the one thing, was to push the gospel and the reformer's own interpretation of it. Whatever helped was good; whatever hindered was evil; and if this simple classification proved inapplicable over the whole field, it was no business of his to stop and reconcile incongruities. He had more pressing concerns on hand; he had to save souls, he had to be about his Father's business. This short-sighted view resulted in a doctrine that was actually Jesuitical in application. They had no serious ideas upon politics, and they were ready, nay, they seemed almost bound, to adopt and support whichever ensured for the moment the greatest benefit to the souls of their fellow-men. They were dishonest in all sincerity. Thus Labitte, in the introduction to a book † in which he exposes the hypocritical democracy of the Catholics under the League, steps aside for a moment to stigmatize the hypocritical democracy of the Protestants.

* Gaberel's "*Eglise de Genève*," i. 88.

† *La Démocratie chez les Prédicateurs de la Ligue*.

And nowhere was this expediency in political questions more apparent than about the question of female sovereignty. So much was this the case that one James Thomasius, of Leipsic, wrote a little paper* about the religious partialities of those who took part in the controversy, in which some of these learned disputants cut a very sorry figure.

Now Knox has been from the first a man well hated; and it is somewhat characteristic of his luck that he figures here in the very forefront of the list of partial scribes who trimmed their doctrine with the wind in all good conscience, and were political weathercocks out of conviction. Not only has Thomasius mentioned him, but Bayle has taken the hint from Thomasius, and dedicated a long note to the matter at the end of his article on the Scotch reformer. This is a little less than fair. If any one among the evangelists of that period showed more serious political sense than another, it was assuredly Knox; and even in this very matter of female rule, although I do not suppose any one nowadays will feel inclined to endorse his sentiments, I confess I can make great allowance for his conduct. The controversy, besides, has an interest of its own, in view of later controversies.

John Knox, from 1556 to 1559, was resident in Geneva, as minister, jointly with Goodman, of a little church of English refugees. He and his congregation were banished from England by one woman, Mary Tudor, and proscribed in Scotland by another, the regent Mary of Guise. The coincidence was tempting: here were many abuses centring about one abuse; here was Christ's gospel persecuted in the two kingdoms by one anomalous power. He had not far to go to find the idea that female government was anomalous. It was an age, indeed, in which women, capable and incapable, played a conspicuous part upon the stage of European history; and yet their rule, whatever may have been the opinion of here and there a wise man or enthusiast, was regarded as an anomaly by the great bulk of their contemporaries. It was defended as an anomaly. It, and all that accompanied and sanctioned it, was set aside as a single exception; and no one thought of reasoning down from queens and extending their privileges to ordinary women. Great ladies, as we know, had the privilege of entering into monasteries and cloisters,

* "*Historia affectuum se immiscentium controversia de gynocratia*." It is in his collected prefaces, Leipsic, 1683.

otherwise forbidden to their sex. As with one thing, so with another. Thus, Margaret of Navarre wrote books with great acclamation, and no one, seemingly, saw fit to call her conduct in question; but Mademoiselle de Gournay, Montaigne's adopted daughter, was in a controversy with the world as to whether a woman might be an author without incongruity. Thus, too, we have Théodore Agrippa d'Aubigné writing to his daughters about the learned women of his century, and cautioning them, in conclusion, that the study of letters was unsuited to ladies of a middling station, and should be reserved for princesses.* And once more, if we desire to see the same principle carried to ludicrous extreme, we shall find that reverend father in God the Abbot of Brantôme, claiming, on the authority of some lord of his acquaintance, a privilege, or rather a duty, of free love for great princesses, and carefully excluding other ladies from the same gallant dispensation.† One sees the spirit in which these immunities were granted; and how they were but the natural consequence of that awe for courts and kings that made the last writer tell us, with simple wonder, how Catherine de' Medici would "laugh her fill just like another" over the humours of pantaloons and zanies. And such servility was, of all things, what would touch most nearly the republican spirit of Knox. It was not difficult for him to set aside this weak scruple of loyalty. The lantern of his analysis did not always shine with a very serviceable light; but he had the virtue, at least, to carry it into many places of fictitious holiness, and was not abashed by the tinsel divinity that hedged kings and queens from his contemporaries. And so he could put the proposition in the form already mentioned: there was Christ's gospel persecuted in the two kingdoms by one anomalous power; plainly, then, the "regiment of women" was antichristian. Early in 1558 he communicated this discovery to the world, by publishing at Geneva his notorious book—"The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women."‡

As a whole, it is a dull performance; but the preface, as is usual with Knox, is both interesting and morally fine. Knox was not one of those who are humble in the hour of triumph; he was aggressive even when things were at their worst. He had a grim reliance in himself, or rather in his

mission; if he were not sure that he was a great man, he was at least sure that he was one set apart to do great things. And he judged simply that whatever passed in his mind, whatever moved him to flee from persecution, instead of constantly facing it out, or, as here, to publish and withhold his name from the title-page of a critical work, would not fail to be of interest, perhaps of benefit, to the world. There may be something more finely sensitive in the modern humour, that tends more and more to withdraw a man's personality from the lessons he inculcates or the cause that he has espoused; but there is a loss herewith of wholesome responsibility; and when we find in the works of Knox, as in the Epistles of Paul, the man himself standing nakedly forward, courting and anticipating criticism, putting his character, as it were, in pledge for the sincerity of his doctrine, we had best waive the question of delicacy, and make our acknowledgments for a lesson of courage, not unnecessary in these days of anonymous criticism, and much light, otherwise unattainable, on the spirit in which great movements were initiated and carried forward. Knox's personal revelations are always interesting; and, in the case of the "First Blast," as I have said, there is no exception to the rule. He begins by stating the solemn responsibility of all who are watchmen over God's flock; and all are watchmen (he goes on to explain, with that fine breadth of spirit that characterizes him even when, as here, he shows himself most narrow), all are watchmen "whose eyes God doth open, and whose conscience He pricketh to admonish the ungodly." And with the full consciousness of this great duty before him, he sets himself to answer the scruples of timorous or worldly-minded people. How can a man repent, he asks, unless the nature of his transgression is made plain to him? "And therefore I say," he continues, "that of necessity it is that this monstiferous empire of women (which among all enormities that this day do abound upon the face of the whole earth, is most detestable and damnable) be openly and plainly declared to the world, to the end that some may repent and be saved." To those who think the doctrine useless, because it cannot be expected to amend those princes whom it would dispossess if once accepted, he makes answer in a strain that shows him at his greatest. After having instanced how the rumour of Christ's censures found its way to Herod in his own court, "even so," he continues, "may the sound of our weak trumpet, by

* *Œuvres de d'Aubigné*, i. 449.

† *Dames Illustres*, pp. 358-360.

‡ Works of John Knox, iv. 349.

the support of some wind (blow it from the south, or blow it from the north, it is of no matter), come to the ears of the chief offenders. *But whether it do or not, yet dare we not cease to blow as God will give strength. For we are debtors to more than to princes, to wit, to the great multitude of our brethren, of whom, no doubt, a great number have heretofore offended by error and ignorance.*"

It is for the multitude, then, he writes; he does not greatly hope that his trumpet will be audible in palaces, or that crowned women will submissively discrown themselves at his appeal; what he does hope, in plain English, is to encourage and justify rebellion; and we shall see, before we have done, that he can put his purpose into words as roundly as I can put it for him. This he sees to be a matter of much hazard; he is not "altogether so brutish and insensible, but that he has laid his account what the finishing of the work may cost." He knows that he will find many adversaries, since "to the most part of men, lawful and godly appeareth whatsoever antiquity had received." He looks for opposition, "not only of the ignorant multitude, but of the wise, politic, and quiet spirits of the earth." He will be called foolish, curious, despicable, and a sower of sedition; and one day, perhaps, for all he is now nameless, he may be attainted of treason. Yet he has "determined to obey God, notwithstanding that the world shall rage thereat." Finally, he makes some excuse for the anonymous appearance of this first instalment: it is his purpose thrice to blow the trumpet in this matter, if God so permit; twice he intends to do it without name; but at the last blast to take the odium upon himself, that all others may be purged.

Thus he ends the preface, and enters upon his argument with a secondary title: "The First Blast to awake Women degenerate." We are in the land of assertion without delay. That a woman should bear rule, superiority, dominion, or empire over any realm, nation, or city, he tells us, is repugnant to nature, contumely to God, and a subversion of good order. Women are weak, frail, impatient, feeble and foolish. God has denied to woman wisdom to consider, or providence to foresee, what is profitable to a commonwealth. Women have been ever lightly esteemed; they have been denied the tutory of their own sons, and subjected to the unquestionable sway of their husbands; and surely it is irrational to give the greater where the less has been withheld, and

suffer a woman to reign supreme over a great kingdom who would be allowed no authority by her own fireside. He appeals to the Bible; but though he makes much of the first transgression and certain strong texts in Genesis and Paul's Epistles, he does not appeal with entire success. The cases of Deborah and Huldah can be brought into no sort of harmony with his thesis. Indeed, I may say that, logically, he left his bones there; and that it is but the phantom of an argument that he parades thenceforward to the end. Well was it for Knox that he succeeded no better; it is under this very ambiguity about Deborah that we shall find him fain to creep for shelter before he is done with the regiment of women. After having thus exhausted Scripture, and formulated its teaching in the somewhat blasphemous maxim that the man is placed above the woman, even as God above the angels, he goes on triumphantly to adduce the testimonies of Tertullian, Augustine, Ambrose, Basil, Chrysostom, and the Pandects; and having gathered this little cloud of witnesses about him, like pursuivants about a herald, he solemnly proclaims all reigning women to be traitresses and rebels against God; discharges all men thenceforward from holding any office under such monstrous regiment, and calls upon all the lieges with one consent to "*study to repress the inordinate pride and tyranny of queens.*" If this is not treasonable teaching, one would be glad to know what is; and yet, as if he feared he had not made the case plain enough against himself, he goes on to deduce the startling corollary that all oaths of allegiance must be incontinently broken. If it was sin thus to have sworn even in ignorance, it were obstinate sin to continue to respect them after fuller knowledge. Then comes the peroration, in which he cries aloud against the cruelties of that cursed Jezebel of England—that horrible monster Jezebel of England; and after having predicted sudden destruction to her rule and to the rule of all crowned women, and warned all men that if they presume to defend the same when any "noble heart" shall be raised up to vindicate the liberty of his country, they shall not fail to perish themselves in the ruin, he concludes with a last rhetorical flourish: "And therefore let all men be advertised, for THE TRUMPET HATH ONCE BLOWN."

The capitals are his own. In writing, he probably felt the want of some such reverberation of the pulpit under strong hands as he was wont to emphasize his

spoken utterances withal; there would seem to him a want of passion in the orderly lines of type; and I suppose we may take the capitals as a mere substitute for the great voice with which he would have given it forth, had we heard it from his own lips. Indeed, as it is, in this little strain of rhetoric about the trumpet, this current allusion to the fall of Jericho, that alone distinguishes his bitter and hasty production, he was probably right, according to all artistic canon, thus to support and accentuate in conclusion the sustained metaphor of a hostile proclamation. It is curious, by the way, to note how favourite an image the trumpet was with the reformer. He returns to it again and again; it is the Alpha and Omega of his rhetoric; it is to him what a ship is to the stage-sailor: and one would almost fancy he had begun the world as a trumpeter's apprentice. The partiality is surely characteristic. All his life long he was blowing summonses before various Jerichos, some of which fell duly, but not all. Wherever he appears in history his speech is loud, angry, and hostile; there is no peace in his life, and little tenderness; he is always sounding hopefully to the front for some rough enterprise. And as his voice had something of the trumpet's hardness, it had something also of the trumpet's warlike inspiration. So Randolph, possibly fresh from the sound of the reformer's preaching, writes of him to Cecil:—"Where your honour exhorteth us to stoutness, I assure you the voice of one man is able, in an hour, to put more life in us than six hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears."*

Thus was the proclamation made. Nor was it long in wakening all the echoes of Europe. What success might have attended it, had the question decided been a purely abstract question, it is difficult to say. As it was, it was to stand or fall, not by logic, but by political needs and sympathies. Thus, in France, his doctrine was to have some future, because Protestants suffered there under the feeble and treacherous regency of Catherine de' Medici; and thus it was to have no future anywhere else, because the Protestant interest was bound up with the prosperity of Queen Elizabeth. This stumbling-block lay at the very threshold of the matter; and Knox, in the text of the "First Blast," had set everybody the wrong example and gone to the ground himself. He finds occasion to regret "the

blood of innocent Lady Jane Dudley." But Lady Jane Dudley, or Lady Jane Grey, as we call her, was a would-be traitress and rebel against God, to use his own expressions. If, therefore, political and religious sympathy led Knox himself into so grave a partiality, what was he to expect from his disciples? If the trumpet gave so ambiguous a sound, who could heartily prepare himself for the battle? The question whether Lady Jane Dudley was an innocent martyr, or a traitress against God, whose inordinate pride and tyranny had been effectually repressed, was thus left altogether in the wind; and it was not, perhaps, wonderful if many of Knox's readers concluded that all right and wrong in the matter turned upon the degree of the sovereign's orthodoxy and possible helpfulness to the Reformation. He should have been the more careful of such an ambiguity of meaning, as he must have known well the lukewarm indifference and dishonesty of his fellow-reformers in political matters. He had already, in 1556 or 1557, talked the matter over with his great master, Calvin, in "a private conversation;" and the interview* must have been truly distasteful to both parties. Calvin, indeed, went a far way with him in theory, and owned that the "government of women was a deviation from the original and proper order of nature, to be ranked, no less than slavery, among the punishments consequent upon the fall of man." But, in practice, their two roads separated. For the man of Geneva saw difficulties in the way of the Scripture proof in the cases of Deborah and Huldah, and in the prophecy of Isaiah that queens should be the nursing mothers of the church. And as the Bible was not decisive, he thought the subject should be let alone, because, "by custom and public consent and long practice, it has been established that realms and principalities may descend to females by hereditary right, and it would not be lawful to unsettle governments which are ordained by the peculiar providence of God." 'I imagine Knox's ears must have burned during this interview. Think of him listening dutifully to all this—how it would not do to meddle with anointed kings—how there was a peculiar providence in these great affairs; and then think of his own peroration, and the "noble heart" whom he looks for "to vindicate the liberty of his country;" or his

* M'Crie's "Life of Knox," ii. 41.

* Described by Calvin in a letter to Cecil. Knox's Works, vol. iv.

answer to Queen Mary, when she asked him who he was, to interfere in the affairs of Scotland—"Madam, a subject born within the same!" Indeed, the two doctors who differed at this private conversation represented, at the moment, two principles of enormous import in the subsequent history of Europe. In Calvin we have represented that passive obedience, that toleration of injustice and absurdity, that holding back of the hand from political affairs as from something unclean, which lost France, if we are to believe M. Michelet, for the Reformation; a spirit necessarily fatal in the long run to the existence of any sect that may profess it; a suicidal doctrine that survives among us to this day in narrow views of personal duty, and the low political morality of many virtuous men. In Knox, on the other hand, we see foreshadowed the whole Puritan Revolution and the scaffold of Charles I.

There is little doubt in my mind that this interview was what caused Knox to print his book without a name.* It was a dangerous thing to contradict the man of Geneva, and doubly so, surely, when one had had the advantage of correction from him in a private conversation; and Knox had his little flock of English refugees to consider. If they had fallen into bad odour in Geneva, where else was there to flee to? It was printed, as I have said, in 1558; and, by a singular *mal-à-propos*, in that same year Mary died, and Elizabeth succeeded to the throne of England. And just as the accession of Catholic Queen Mary had condemned female rule in the eyes of Knox, the accession of Protestant Queen Elizabeth justified it in the eyes of his colleagues. Female rule ceases to be an anomaly, not because Elizabeth can "reply to eight ambassadors in one day in their different languages," but because she represents for the moment the political future of the Reformation. The exiles troop back to England with songs of praise in their mouths. The bright occidental star, of which we have all read in the preface to the Bible, has risen over the darkness of Europe. There is a thrill of hope through the persecuted churches of the Continent. Calvin writes to Cecil, washing his hands of Knox and his political heresies. The sale of the "First Blast" is prohibited in Geneva; and along with it the bold book

of Knox's colleague, Goodman—a book dear to Milton—where female rule was briefly characterized as a "monster in nature and disorder among men."† Any who may ever have doubted, or been for a moment led away by Knox, or Goodman, or their own wicked imaginations, are now more than convinced. They have seen the occidental star. Aylmer, with his eyes set greedily on a possible bishopric, and "the better to obtain the favour of the new queen,"‡ sharpens his pen to confound Knox by logic. What need? He has been confounded by facts. "Thus what had been to the refugees of Geneva as the very word of God, no sooner were they back in England than behold! it was the word of the devil."§

Now, what of the real sentiments of these loyal subjects of Elizabeth? They professed a holy horror for Knox's position: let us see if their own would please a modern audience any better, or was, in substance, greatly different.

John Aylmer, afterwards Bishop of London, published an answer to Knox, under the title of "An Harbour for Faithful and true Subjects against the late blown Blast, concerning the government of Women."§ And certainly he was a thought more acute, a thought less precipitate and simple, than his adversary. He is not to be led away by such captious terms as *natural* and *unnatural*. It is obvious to him that a woman's disability to rule is not natural in the same sense in which it is natural for a stone to fall, or fire to burn. He is doubtful, on the whole, whether this disability be natural at all; nay, when he is laying it down that a woman should not be a priest, he shows some elementary conception of what many of us now hold to be the truth of the matter. "The bringing-up of women," he says, "is commonly such" that they cannot have the necessary qualifications, "for they are not brought up in learning in schools, nor trained in disputation." And even so, he can ask, "Are there not in England women, think you, that for learning and wisdom could tell their household and neighbours as good a tale as any Sir John there?" For all that, his advocacy is weak. If women's rule is not unnatural in a sense preclusive of its very existence, it is neither so convenient nor so profit-

* Knox's Works, iv. 358.

† Strype's "Aylmer," p. 16.

‡ It may interest the reader to know that these (so says Thomasius) are the "*ipsissima verba Schlusselfurgii*."

§ I am indebted for a sight of this book to the kindness of Mr. David Laing, the editor of Knox's works.

* It was anonymously published, but no one seems to have been in doubt about its authorship; he might as well have set his name to it, for all the good he got by holding it back.

able as the government of men. He holds England to be specially suitable for the government of women, because there the governor is more limited and restrained by the other members of the constitution than in other places; and this argument has kept his book from being altogether forgotten. It is only in hereditary monarchies that he will offer any defence of the anomaly. "If rulers were to be chosen by lot or suffrage, he would not that any woman should stand in the election, but men only." The law of succession of crowns was a law to him, in the same sense as the law of evolution is a law to Mr. Herbert Spencer; and the one and the other counsels his readers, in a spirit suggestively alike, not to kick against the pricks or seek to be more wise than He who made them.* If God has put a female child into the direct line of inheritance, it is God's affair. His strength will be perfected in her weakness. He makes the Creator address the objectors in this not very flattering vein:—"I, that could make Daniel, a sucking babe, to judge better than the wisest lawyers; a brute beast to reprehend the folly of a prophet; the poor fishers to confound the great clerks of the world—cannot I make a woman to be a good ruler over you?" This is the last word of his reasoning. Although he was not altogether without Puritanic leaven, shown particularly in what he says of the incomes of bishops, yet it was rather loyalty to the old order of things than any generous belief in the capacity of women, that raised up for them this clerical champion. His courtly spirit contrasts singularly with the rude, bracing republicanism of Knox. "Thy knee shall bow," he says, "thy cap shall off, thy tongue shall speak reverently of thy sovereign." For himself, his tongue is even more than reverent. Nothing can stay the issue of his eloquent adulation. Again and again, "the remembrance of Elizabeth's virtues" carries him away; and he has to hark back again to find the scent of his argument. He is repressing his vehement adoration throughout, until, when the end comes, and he feels his business at an end, he can indulge himself to his heart's content in indiscriminate laudation of his royal mistress. It is humorous to think that this illustrious lady, whom he here praises, among many other excellences, for the simplicity of her attire and the "marvellous meekness of her stomach," threatened him, years after, in no

very meek terms, for a sermon against female vanity in dress, which she held as a reflection on herself.*

Whatever was wanting here in respect for women generally, there was no want of respect for the queen; and one cannot very greatly wonder if these devoted servants looked askance, not upon Knox only, but on his little flock, as they came back to England tainted with disloyal doctrine. For them, as for him, the occidental star rose somewhat red and angry. As for poor Knox, his position was the saddest of all. For the juncture seemed to him of the highest importance; it was the nick of time, the flood-water of opportunity. Not only was there an opening for him in Scotland, a smouldering brand of civil liberty and religious enthusiasm which it should be for him to kindle into flame with his powerful breath; but he had his eye seemingly on an object of even higher worth. For now, when religious sympathy ran so high that it could be set against national aversion, he wished to begin the fusion together of England and Scotland, and to begin it at the sore place. If once the open wound were closed at the border, the work would be half done. Ministers placed at Berwick and such places might seek their converts equally on either side of the march; old enemies would sit together to hear the gospel of peace, and forget the inherited jealousies of many generations in the enthusiasm of a common faith; or—let us say better—a common heresy. For people are not most conscious of brotherhood when they continue languidly together in one creed, but when, with some doubt, with some danger perhaps, and certainly not without some reluctance, they violently break with the tradition of the past, and go forth from the sanctuary of their fathers to worship under the bare heaven. A new creed, like a new country, is an unhomely place of sojourn; but it makes men lean on one another and join hands. It was on this that Knox relied to begin the union of the English and the Scotch. And he had, perhaps, better means of judging than any even of his contemporaries. He knew the temper of both nations; and already during his two years' chaplaincy at Berwick, he had seen his scheme put to the proof. But whether practicable or not, the proposal does him much honour. That he should thus have sought to make a love-match of it between the two peo-

* Social Statics, p. 64, etc.

* Hallam's "Const. Hist. of England," i. 225, note m.

ples, and tried to win their inclination towards a union instead of simply transferring them, like so many sheep, by a marriage, or testament, or private treaty, is thoroughly characteristic of what is best in the man. Nor was this all. He had, besides, to assure himself of English support, secret or avowed, for the Reformation party in Scotland; a delicate affair, trenching upon treason. And so he had plenty to say to Cecil, plenty that he did not care to "commit to paper neither yet to the knowledge of many." But his miserable publication had shut the doors of England in his face. Summoned to Edinburgh by the confederate lords, he waited at Dieppe, anxiously praying for leave to journey through England. The most dispiriting tidings reach him. His messengers, coming from so obnoxious a quarter, narrowly escape imprisonment. His old congregation are coldly received, and even begin to look back again to their place of exile with regret. "My First Blast," he writes ruefully, "has blown from me all my friends of England." And then he adds, with a snarl, "The Second Blast, I fear, shall sound somewhat more sharp, except men be more moderate than I hear they are."* But the threat is empty; there will never be a second blast—he has had enough of that trumpet. Nay, he begins to feel uneasily that, unless he is to be rendered useless for the rest of his life, unless he is to lose his right arm and go about his great work maimed and impotent, he must find some way of making his peace with England and the indignant queen. The letter just quoted was written on the 6th of April, 1559; and on the 10th, after he had cooled his heels for four days more about the streets of Dieppe, he gives in altogether, and writes a letter of capitulation to Cecil. In this letter,† which he kept back until the 22nd, still hoping that things would come right of themselves, he censures the great secretary for having "followed the world in the way of perdition," characterizes him as "worthy of hell," and threatens him, if he be not found simple, sincere, and fervent in the cause of Christ's gospel, that he shall "taste of the same cup that politic heads have drunken in before him." This is all, I take it, out of respect for the reformer's own position; if he is going to be humiliated, let others be humiliated first;

like a child who will not take his medicine until he has made his nurse and his mother drink of it before him. "But I have, say you, written a treasonable book against the regiment and empire of women. . . . The writing of that book I will not deny; but to prove it treasonable I think it shall be hard. . . . It is hinted that my book shall be written against. If so be, sir, I greatly doubt they shall rather hurt nor (than) mend the matter." And here come the terms of capitulation; for he does not surrender unconditionally, even in this sore strait: "And yet if any," he goes on, "think me enemy to the person, or yet to the regiment, of her whom God hath now promoted, they are utterly deceived in me, for the miraculous work of God, comforting His afflicted by means of an infirm vessel, I do acknowledge, and the power of His most potent hand I will obey. More plainly to speak, if Queen Elizabeth shall confess, that the extraordinary dispensation of God's great mercy maketh that lawful unto her which both nature and God's law do deny to all women, then shall none in England be more willing to maintain her lawful authority than I shall be. But if (God's wondrous work set aside) she ground (as God forbid) the justness of her title upon consuetude, laws, or ordinances of men, then"—then Knox will denounce her? Not so; he is more politic nowadays—then, he "greatly fears" that her ingratitude to God will not go long without punishment.

His letter to Elizabeth, written some few months later, was a mere amplification of the sentences quoted above. She must base her title entirely upon the extraordinary providence of God; but if she does this, "if thus, in God's presence, she humbles herself, so will he with tongue and pen justify her authority, as the Holy Ghost hath justified the same in Deborah, that blessed mother in Israel."* And so, you see, his consistency is preserved; he is merely applying the doctrine of the "First Blast." The argument goes thus: The regiment of women is, as before noted in our work, repugnant to nature, contumely to God, and a subversion of good order. It has nevertheless pleased God to raise up, as exceptions to this law, first Deborah, and afterwards Elizabeth Tudor—whose regiment we shall proceed to celebrate.

There is no evidence as to how the reformer's explanations were received, and

* Knox to Mrs. Locke, 6th April, 1559. Works, vi.

† Knox to Sir William Cecil, 10th April, 1559. Works, ii. 16, or vi. 15.

* Knox to Queen Elizabeth, July 20th, 1559. Works, vi. 47, or ii. 26.

indeed it is most probable that the letter was never shown to Elizabeth at all. For it was sent under cover of another to Cecil, and as it was not of a very courtly conception throughout, and was, of all things, what would most excite the queen's uneasy jealousy about her title, it is like enough that the secretary exercised his discretion (he had Knox's leave in the case, and did not always wait for that, it is reputed) to put the letter harmlessly away beside other valueless or unpresentable State papers. I wonder very much if he did the same with another,* written two years later, after Mary had come into Scotland, in which Knox almost seeks to make Elizabeth an accomplice with him in the matter of the "First Blast." The queen of Scotland is going to have that work refuted, he tells her; and "though it were but foolishness in him to prescribe unto her Majesty what is to be done," he would yet remind her that Mary is neither so much alarmed about her own security, nor so generously interested in Elizabeth's "that she would take such pains, *unless her crafty counsel in so doing shot at a further mark.*" There is something really ingenious in this letter; it showed Knox in the double capacity of the author of the "First Blast" and the faithful friend of Elizabeth; and he combines them there so naturally, that one would scarcely imagine the two to be incongruous.

Twenty days later he was defending his intemperate publication to another queen — his own queen, Mary Stuart. This was on the first of those three interviews which he has preserved for us with so much dramatic vigour in the picturesque pages of his history. After he had avowed the authorship in his usual haughty style, Mary asked: "You think, then, that I have no just authority?" The question was evaded. "Please your Majesty," he answered, "that learned men in all ages have had their judgments free and most commonly disagreeing from the common judgment of the world; such also have they published by pen and tongue; and yet notwithstanding they themselves have lived in the common society with others, and have borne patiently with the errors and imperfections which they could not amend." Thus did "Plato the philosopher:" thus will do John Knox. "I have communicated my judgment to the world: if the realm finds no inconven-

ience from the regiment of a woman, that which they approve, shall I not further disallow than within my own breast; but shall be as well content to live under your Grace, as Paul was to live under Nero. And my hope is, that so long as ye defile not your hands with the blood of the saints of God, neither I nor my book shall hurt either you or your authority." All this is admirable in wisdom and moderation, and, except that he might have hit upon a comparison less offensive than that with Paul and Nero, hardly to be bettered. Having said thus much, he feels he need say no more; and so, when he is further pressed, he closes that part of the discussion with an astonishing sally. If he has been content to let this matter sleep, he would recommend her Grace to follow his example with thankfulness of heart; it is grimly to be understood which of them has most to fear if the question should be reawakened. So the talk wandered to other subjects. Only, when the queen was summoned at last to dinner ("for it was afternoon") Knox made his salutation in this form of words: "I pray God, madam, that you may be as much blessed within the Commonwealth of Scotland, if it be the pleasure of God, as ever Deborah was in the Commonwealth of Israel."* Deborah again.

But he was not yet done with the echoes of his own "First Blast." In 1571, when he was already near his end, the old controversy was taken up in one of a series of anonymous libels against the reformer affixed, Sunday after Sunday, to the church-door. The dilemma was fairly enough stated. Either his doctrine is false, in which case he is a "false doctor" and seditious; or, if it be true, why does he "avow and approve the contrary, I mean that regiment in the queen of England's person; which he avoweth and approveth, not only praying for the maintenance of her estate, but also procuring her aid and support against his own native country?" Knox answered the libel, as his wont was, next Sunday, from the pulpit. He justified the "First Blast" with all the old arrogance; there is no drawing-back there. The regiment of women is repugnant to nature, contumely to God, and a subversion of good order, as before. When he prays for the maintenance of Elizabeth's estate, he is only following the example of those prophets of God who warned and comforted the wicked kings of Israel; or of Jeremiah,

* Knox to Queen Elizabeth, August 6th, 1561. Works, vi. 126.

* Knox's Works, ii. 278-280.

who bade the Jews pray for the prosperity of Nebuchadnezzar. As for the queen's aid, there is no harm in that: *quia* (these are his own words) *quia omnia munda mundis*: because, to the pure, all things are pure. One thing, in conclusion, he "may not pretermitt;" to give the lie in the throat to his accuser, where he charges him with seeking support against his native country. "What I have been to my country," said the old reformer, "what I have been to my country, albeit this unthankful age will not know, yet the ages to come will be compelled to bear witness to the truth. And thus I cease, requiring of all men that have anything to oppose against me, that he may (they may) do it so plainly, as that I may make myself and all my doings manifest to the world. For to me it seemeth a thing unreasonable, that, in this my decrepit age, I shall be compelled to fight against shadows, and howlets that dare not abide the light."*

Now, in this, which may be called his *Last Blast*, there is as sharp speaking as any in the "First Blast" itself. He is of the same opinion to the end, you see, although he has been obliged to cloak and garble that opinion for political ends. He has been tacking indeed, and he has indeed been seeking the favour of a queen; but what man ever sought a queen's favour with a more virtuous purpose, or with as little courtly policy? The question of consistency is delicate and must be made plain. Knox never changed his opinion about female rule, but lived to regret that he had published that opinion. Doubtless he had many thoughts so far out of the range of public sympathy, that he could only keep them to himself, and, in his own words, bear patiently with the errors and imperfections that he could not amend. For example, I make no doubt myself that, in his own heart, he did hold the shocking dogma attributed to him by more than one calumniator; and that, had the time been ripe, had there been aught to gain by it, instead of all to lose, he would have been the first to assert that Scotland was elective instead of hereditary—"elective as in the days of paganism," as one Thetvet says in holy horror.† And yet, because the time was not ripe, I find no hint of such an idea in his collected works. Now, the regiment of women was another matter that he

should have kept to himself; right or wrong, his opinion did not fit the moment—right or wrong, as Aylmer puts it, "the *Blast* was blown out of season." And this it was that he began to perceive after the accession of Elizabeth; not that he had been wrong, and that female rule was a good thing, for he had said from the first that "the felicity of some women in their empires" could not change the law of God and the nature of created things; not this, but that the regiment of women was one of those imperfections of society, which must be borne with because yet they cannot be remedied. The thing had seemed so obvious to him, in his sense of unspeakable masculine superiority and his fine contempt for what is only sanctioned by antiquity and common consent, he had imagined that, at the first hint, men would arise and shake off the debasing tyranny. He found himself wrong, and he showed that he could be moderate in his own fashion, and understood the spirit of true compromise. He came round to Calvin's position, in fact, but by a different way. And it derogates nothing from the merit of this wise attitude that it was the consequence of a change of interest. We are all taught by interest; and if the interest be not merely selfish, there is no wiser preceptor under heaven, and perhaps no sterner.

Such is the history of John Knox's connection with the controversy about female rule. In itself, this is obviously an incomplete study; not fully to be understood, without a knowledge of his private relations with the other sex, and what he thought of their position in domestic life. This shall be dealt with in another paper.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

VINTAGING IN TUSCANY.

IN the lower Val d'Arno, overlooking the fruitful plain which extends from Florence to Empoli, stands an old villa, a long, low, roomy house, anciently belonging to the *Arte della Lana*, whose lamb bearing a banner over one shoulder is sculptured on various parts of its walls. In the twelfth century it was only a roof resting on high arches for drying the wool; then our host's ancestors bought it, filled up the arches, built a first-floor, and gradually added wing after wing. The rooms are large and lofty, and the staircase very handsome. The ceiling of one of the rooms is frescoed

* Calderwood's "History of the Kirk of Scotland," edition of the Wodrow Society, iii. 51-54.

† Bayle's Historical Dictionary, art. Knox, remark G.

with Raphaëlesque designs like the loggia in the Vatican. The house is full of old furniture, old china, and various Roman and Etruscan statues, and a splendid sarcophagus found on the property, for we are near Signa, the old "Signa Romanorum" of the legions. The villa is slightly raised above the plain, and about two miles from the Arno, opposite Monte Morello, the weather-teller of all the country round, as the old proverb says: —

Se a Morello
Ve' il cappello,
Non uscir
Senza l' ombrello.

To the left, on the opposite side of the Arno, lies the town of Prato and the beautiful line of hills behind it, and further up the valley is Pistoja, and the Apennines in the distance. To the right we see Florence with its stately Duomo and campanile, and in the background the hills of Vallombrosa. Behind the villa is a large garden, all the walks of which are shaded with *pergole* (vines on trellises,) and from thence the ground slopes up to vineyards and olive-groves, and to the wooded hills from the summit of which on a clear day one can discern the sea at Leghorn, some sixty miles off.

In this pleasant and picturesque old mansion were assembled a joyous company, mixed Italian and English, for the vintage of 1874. To the advent of the *forestieri* was ascribed by the courteous *contadini* the splendid yield of grapes, better than they had been for twenty-six years.* On a fine September morning we started, Italian and English, men and women, masters and mistresses, and servants laden with innumerable baskets, big and little, each armed with a rough pair of scissors, and our *padrona* leading the way, with her guitar, pouring out as she went an endless flow of *stornelli*, *rispetti*, and *canzone*, in which Tuscany is as rich as in any of the country products, maize or figs, pumpkins or tomatoes, oil or wine or grain, the Italians amongst us improvising words to the well-known airs. The vintage is always a happy time; every one works with a will, and is contented and light-hearted. As "Modesto," one of our men, said, "*Buon vino fa buon sangue*."

The old *fattore* (bailiff), who had retired

* That is to say, since the outbreak of the iodism. To give some idea of the virulence of the disease, the farms on this estate, though two less in number, used to produce at least 2,000 *barile* of wine; and in this, an exceptional year, the yield was only 1,100. One year, when the disease was at its height, they had five *barile* of stuff resembling mud!

from all active work on the estate, except the management of his especial pets, the vineyards, *alla francese* (vines cut low in the French fashion, not allowed to straggle from tree to tree as is the Tuscan usage), was very great on this occasion. He pointed out trees he had planted, and works he had done, fifty years ago, before the *padrone* was born. The dear old man was now seventy-eight, and as brisk and alert as any of us; with an eye still bright, and his keen humorous face as full of vivacity as the youngest. He was full of old proverbs and wise sayings, like all peasants of the "Casentino," his native region, about twenty miles south-west of Florence, and looked sharply after all our workmen to see that each duly did the picking of his row of vines. He was struck with great admiration at the way in which Englishmen, and women too, worked, and quite concerned for the repeated drenchings in perspiration of a strenuous old gentleman of the party, remarking, gravely, "*Questo povero Signor Antonio! ma suda troppo!*" He chuckled when we got hot and red under the burning sun, gracefully putting it to the ladies, "*Il sole d'Italia vi ha baciato.*" By eleven we were thoroughly tired, and went to rest under the scanty shade of the olives and fig-trees with our guitar. One of the young peasants had lost his father in Russia with Napoleon I., and we called him up, and told him to sing about the great general. He sung to a favourite *stornello* air,—

Guarda, Napoleon, quello che fai;
La meglio gioventù tutta la vuoi,
E le ragazze te le friggerai.

Napoleon, fa le cose guiste,
Falla la coscrizioni delle ragazze,
Piglia le belle, e plasciar star le brutte.

Napoleon, te ne pentirai!
La meglio gioventù tutta la vuoi;
Delle vecchiaia, che te ne farai.

Napoleon, non ti stimar guerriero —
A Mosca lo troveresti l'osso duro,
All' isola dell' Elba prigioniero.*

* While you go our youths collecting,
All our pretty girls neglecting,
Pause, Napoleon, and beware.

Deal more justly with all classes,
Make conscription of the lasses —
Leave the plain and choose the fair.

Napoleon, if with ruthless hand,
Of its flower you mow the land,
In old age you'll pay it dear.

Boast not, tyrant, of your glory,
Moscow's plains were grim and gory
Elba was a prison drear.

Twelve o'clock brought a welcome arrival—lunch from the villa. Grape-picking is a capital sharpener of the appetite. We were soon reclining—*sub tegmine fagi*—round a steaming dish of *risotto con funghi*, and a knightly sirloin of roast beef, which would have done honour to old England. A big *fiasco* (a large bottle bound round with reeds or straw, and holding three ordinary bottles) of last year's red wine was soon emptied, well-tempered, I should say, with water from the neighbouring well. At a little distance the labourers in the vineyard were enjoying the unwonted luxury of a big wooden bowl full of white beans crowned with *polpetti*, little sausages of minced meat and rice.

We first gathered all the white grapes. These were transferred from our small baskets to big ones, placed at the end of each row of vines. These bigger baskets were then carried on men's backs to the villa, where the grapes were laid out to dry in one of the towers, on *stoje*, great trays made of canes. Here they are exposed to sun and air for some weeks, when they are used for making the *vin santo*. After the white grapes were gathered, we fell to on the black, of the choice kinds, the "San Giovese," the "Aleatico," the "Colorino," and the "Occhio di Pernice." These also were destined to be exposed on *stoje* in the same manner. They are used as *governo*, that is to say, when the new wine is racked for the first time these choice black grapes are put in, so as to cause another fermentation. They at once deepen the colour of the wine and clear it. How melancholy the vines looked stripped of their grapes! The glorious white and golden, and pink and deep red bunches had given a beauty to the landscape which one did not realize until they were gone, and the poor vines stood bare. In our discussions about the progress of our work, the time of day often came in question. The old *fattore* was very anxious to know how we in England knew the hour, as he had heard that our churches did not ring the *Ave Maria* at midday or in the evening. He had doubtless a settled conviction that we were little better than heathens, but was too polite to say so right out. We explained that we had abundance of both big clocks and little watches; but he answered, "*Ma che*" (with a horizontal wave of the hand) "I have a watch too. I set it by the *Ave Maria*, and hardly ever use it. At midday, when the *Ave Maria* rings, we know we are to eat; and when we hear it at sundown,

twenty-four o'clock, as we say here, we leave off work; and at one o'clock of night (an hour after sunset) it rings again so that we may remember our dead and say an *Ave* for them." All our arguments to prove that clocks and watches might be good substitutes for the *Ave Maria* were useless, and he remained staunch to his idea that England must be a wretched place without the *Ave Maria*—"Si dove sta male in Inghilterra senza l'*Ave Maria*."

At last the beautiful great white oxen, with their large, soft, black eyes, and with tassels of red and yellow worsted dangling about the roots of their horns and over their cool moist noses, came to the edge of the vineyard drawing a large vat (*tino*) fixed on the cart. Into this all the remaining grapes were thrown. A handsome young lad of sixteen, after tucking up his trousers and washing his feet in a bucket of water drawn from the well close by, jumped atop of the vat and lustily stamped down the contents, singing as he plied his purple-stained feet:—

Bella bellina, chi vi ha fatto gli occhi?
Che vi gli ha fatti tanto innamorati?
Da letto levereste gli ammalati,
Di sotto terra levereste i morte.
Tanto valore e tanta valoranza!
Vostri begli occhi son la mia speranza.*

Of such tender sentiment and musical sound are the songs of the Tuscan "roughs." These songs are most of them the composition, both words and airs, of the peasants and artisans who sing them. The hills round Pistoja and the streets of Florence ring with an ever-renewed outpour of such sweet and simple song.

The *padrone* prides himself much on his fine breed of oxen, and told us the old Tuscan proverb, "*Chi ha carro e buoi, fa bene i fatti suoi*." When the last load of grapes was carted off we returned to the villa, where we found all hands busy in the great courtyard of the *fattoria*† on one side of the villa, emptying the grapes and must out of the vats with wooden *bigoncie*, high wooden pails, without handles. These are carried on men's shoulders, and their contents poured into immense vats (*tini*) ranged all round

* My lovely charmer, who hath made thine eyes,
That fill our bosoms with such ecstasies?
Their glance would draw the sick man from his bed,
Or haply pierce the tomb and raise the dead.
Oh! my sweet love, thy beauty and thy worth
Are all my hope and all my joy on earth.

† The *fattoria* comprehends the farm buildings, cellars, granaries, bailiff's dwellings, etc., attached to a villa, just as in the Roman times the *villa rustica* was attached to the *villa urbana*.

the courtyard under covered arcades. In our wine-shed (*tinaia*) there are about fifty of these, containing from five to fifty butts each, besides three large square reservoirs of stone, each holding three hundred barrels. The bubbling and boiling of the fermenting wine fills the air, and the smell is almost strong enough to get drunk upon. The men often do get tipsy, if they remain too long treading the grapes, or drawing off the new wine. But here it is an article of faith that the perfume of the must is the best medicine, and people bring weakly children to tread the grapes and remain in the *tinaia* to breathe the fume-laden air and eat of the fresh grapes; for at vintage-time no peasant or *padrone* refuses grapes to any one who asks. They say that *il buon Dio* has given them plenty, and why should they in their turn not give to those who have nothing? I suppose this universal readiness to give is one reason why there is so little stealing here. You see vines full of fruit close to the roads, and quite unprotected by any sort of fence, and yet no one of the country-side ever takes them. There are, it is true, certain *malfamati* villages, whose inhabitants have the reputation of thieves, and against these and pilferers from the large towns the vineyards are guarded by men armed with guns, with which they keep popping the night through. At times you see twenty or thirty poor people standing quietly looking on, until called up to receive their dole of grapes, with which they go away happy, with their graceful "*Dio ve ne renda merito.*" At home they will mix water with the must they squeeze out of their basket, or apronful, of such ungrudged gifts, and make *mezzo vine* or *acquarello* (water and wine fermented together), for the winter. The same thing is done on a large scale at many *fattorie*. This mixture of wine and water is distributed to the poor in winter, and is the common drink of the workmen about the villa. After the first good wine is drawn off from the vats, the *vinaccia* (skins, grape-stones, and stalks) is put into the wine-press and the second wine pressed out. This wine is good, but considerably rougher, from the larger amount of tannin, due to the skins and stalks, than the wine which is drawn from off the vats after fermentation without any agency of the press. After passing through the press, the clots of *vinaccia* are again put into the vats, and water is poured upon them. In eight or ten days a fresh fermentation takes place,

and the *vinaccia* is once more pressed in the wine-press. This gives *mezzo vino*, or *acquarello*, half-wine, not at all bad, but of course of insufficient body to keep through the summer. For this there is no want of demand at the villa. Besides the rations of the workpeople, there are the "*poveri del buon Dio.*" In Tuscany there are no almshouses or poorhouses, save in the chief towns. Most villas have one or two days in the week when alms are distributed to all who come and ask. Here the gathering of poor occurs every Monday and Thursday at ten in the morning. A hunch of bread, a glass of half-wine, and five centimes are doled out to every applicant, and on Christmas-day any one who brings a *fiasco* has it filled with *mezzo vino*, and gets half a loaf of bread and half a pound of uncooked meat. Such has been the custom, I am told, at this villa, for many hundred years.

Our happy holiday vintaging lasted for five days, and then we went to help the vintaging of one of the *contadini* of the *padrone*. This family had been on the estate for two hundred and eighty years. All their vines were trained Tuscan fashion on maples, and we had the help of ladders and steps to gather the grapes. Half the grapes, and indeed half of all the produce of the land—grain, pumpkins, flax, fruit, or wine, belongs to the *padrone*, who pays all the taxes and buys the cattle. The *contadino* pays no rent for his house, which the *padrone* keeps in repair. The peasant gives the labour, and the master finds the capital.

This is, in rough outline, the system of *mezzeria*, or *métayer* (half-and-half) tenure, still universal in Tuscany. Like all human things, it has two sides, and may be condemned as the most backward, or defended as the most patriarchal and wholesome of systems, binding landlord and tenant in the bond of an obviously common interest, and encouraging the closest and most familiar relations between the two. When the landlord is intelligent, active, and judicious, he may become a centre of enlightenment and improvement to his tenantry; but all his attempts must be made with the most cautious discretion, or he will infallibly frighten, and perhaps alienate, his tenantry, who are thorough conservatives, and love *stare super antiquas vias*. Thus the best commentary on the "*Georgics*" is still agriculture in action in Tuscany, a passing peep into one of whose most pleasing chapters has been attempted in this paper. JANET ROSS.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE HISTORY OF TWINS, AS A CRITERION OF THE RELATIVE POWERS OF NATURE AND NURTURE.*

BY FRANCIS GALTON, F.R.S.

THE exceedingly close resemblance attributed to twins has been the subject of many novels and plays, and most persons have felt a desire to know upon what basis of truth those works of fiction may rest. But twins have many other claims to attention, one of which will be discussed in the present memoir. It is, that their history affords means of distinguishing between the effects of tendencies received at birth, and of those that were imposed by the circumstances of their after lives; in other words, between the effects of nature and of nurture. This is a subject of especial importance in its bearings on investigations into mental heredity, and I, for my part, have keenly felt the difficulty of drawing the necessary distinction whenever I tried to estimate the degree in which mental ability was, on the average, inherited. The objection to statistical evidence in proof of its inheritance has always been: "The persons whom you compare may have lived under similar social conditions and have had similar advantages of education, but such prominent conditions are only a small part of those that determine the future of each man's life. It is to trifling accidental circumstances that the bent of his disposition and his success are mainly due, and these you leave wholly out of account—in fact, they do not admit of being tabulated, and therefore your statistics, however plausible at first sight, are really of very little use." No method of enquiry which I have been able to carry out—and I have tried many methods—is wholly free from this objection. I have therefore attacked the problem from the opposite side, seeking for some new method by which it would be possible to weigh in just scales the respective effects of nature and nurture, and to ascertain their several shares in framing the disposition and intellectual ability of men. The life-history of twins supplies what I wanted. We might begin by enquiring about twins who were closely alike in boyhood and youth, and who were educated together for many years, and learn whether they subsequently grew unlike, and, if so,

what the main causes were which, in the opinion of the family, produced the dissimilarity. In this way we may obtain much direct evidence of the kind we want; but we can also obtain yet more valuable evidence by a converse method. We can enquire into the history of twins who were exceedingly unlike in childhood, and learn how far they became assimilated under the influence of their identical natures; having the same home, the same teachers, the same associates, and in every other respect the same surroundings.

My materials were obtained by sending circulars of enquiry to persons who were either twins themselves or the near relations of twins. The printed questions were in thirteen groups; the last of them asked for the addresses of other twins known to the recipient who might be likely to respond if I wrote to them. This happily led to a continually widening circle of correspondence, which I pursued until enough material was accumulated for a general reconnaissance of the subject.

There is a large literature relating to twins in their purely surgical and physiological aspect. The reader interested in this should consult "*Die Lehre von den Zwillingen*," von L. Kleinwächter, Prag. 1871; it is full of references, but it is also disfigured by a number of numerical misprints, especially in p. 26. I have not found any book that treats of twins from my present point of view.

The reader will easily understand that the word "twins" is a vague expression, which covers two very dissimilar events; the one corresponding to the progeny of animals that have usually more than one young at a birth, and the other corresponding to those double-yolked eggs that are due to two germinal spots in a single ovum. The consequence of this is, that I find a curious discontinuity in my results. One would have expected that twins would commonly be found to possess a certain average likeness to one another; that a few would greatly exceed that degree of likeness, and a few would greatly fall short of it; but this is not at all the case. Twins may be divided into three groups, so distinct that there are not many intermediate instances; namely, strongly alike, moderately alike, and extremely dissimilar. When the twins are a boy and a girl, they are never closely alike; in fact, their origin never corresponds to that of the above-mentioned double-yolked eggs.

I have received about eighty returns of cases of close similarity, thirty-five of which

* In my "English Men of Science," 1874, p. 12, I treated this subject in a cursory way. It subsequently occurred to me that it deserved a more elaborate enquiry, which I made, and of which this paper is a result.

entered into many instructive details. In a few of these not a single point of difference could be specified. In the remainder, the colour of the hair and eyes were almost always identical; the height, weight, and strength were generally very nearly so, but I have a few cases of a notable difference in these, notwithstanding the resemblance was otherwise very near. The manner and address of the thirty-five pairs of twins is usually described as being very similar, though there often exists a difference of expression familiar to near relatives but unperceived by strangers. The intonation of the voice when speaking is commonly the same, but it frequently happens that the twins sing in different keys. Most singularly, that one point in which similarity is rare is the handwriting. I cannot account for this, considering how strongly handwriting runs in families, but I am sure of the fact. I have only one case in which nobody, not even the twins themselves, could distinguish their own notes of lectures, etc.; barely two or three in which the handwriting was undistinguishable by others and only a few in which it was described as closely alike. On the other hand, I have many in which it is stated to be unlike, and some in which it is alluded to as the only point of difference.

One of my enquiries was for anecdotes as regards the mistakes made by near relatives, between the twins. They are numerous, but not very varied in character. When the twins are children, they have commonly to be distinguished by ribbons tied round their wrist or neck; nevertheless the one is sometimes fed, physicked, and whipped by mistake for the other, and the description of these little domestic catastrophes is usually given to me by the mother, in a phraseology that is somewhat touching by reason of its seriousness. I have one case in which a doubt remains whether the children were not changed in their bath, and the presumed A is not really B, and *vice versa*. In another case an artist was engaged on the portraits of twins who were between three and four years of age; he had to lay aside his work for three weeks, and, on resuming it, could not tell to which child the respective likenesses he had in hand belonged. The mistakes are less numerous on the part of the mother during the boyhood and girlhood of the twins, but almost as frequent on the part of strangers. I have many instances of tutors being unable to distinguish their twin pupils. Thus, two girls used regularly to impose

on their music-teacher when one of them wanted a whole holiday; they had their lessons at separate hours, and the one girl sacrificed herself to receive two lessons on the same day, while the other one enjoyed herself. Here is a brief and comprehensive account: "Exactly alike in all, their schoolmasters never could tell them apart; at dancing-parties they constantly changed partners without discovery; their close resemblance is scarcely diminished by age." The following is a typical school-boy anecdote. Two twins were fond of playing tricks, and complaints were frequently made; but the boys would never own which was the guilty one, and the complainants were never certain which of the two he was. One head master used to say he would never flog the innocent for the guilty, and another used to flog both. No less than nine anecdotes have reached me of a twin seeing his or her reflection in a looking-glass, and addressing it, in the belief it was the other twin in person. I have many anecdotes of mistakes when the twins were nearly grown up. Thus: "Amusing scenes occurred at college when one twin came to visit the other; the porter on one occasion refusing to let the visitor out of the college gates, for, though they stood side by side, he professed ignorance as to which he ought to allow to depart."

Children are usually quick in distinguishing between their parent and his or her twin; but I have two cases to the contrary. Thus, the daughter of a twin says: "Such was the marvellous similarity of their features, voice, manner, etc., that I remember, as a child, being very much puzzled, and I think, had my aunt lived much with us, I should have ended by thinking I had two mothers." The other, a father of twins, remarks: "We were extremely alike, and are so at this moment, so much so that our children up to five and six years old did not know us apart."

I have four or five instances of doubt during an engagement of marriage. Thus: "A married first, but both twins met the lady together for the first time, and fell in love with her there and then. A managed to see her home and to gain her affection, though B went sometimes courting in his place, and neither the lady nor her parents could tell which was which." I have also a German letter, written in quaint terms, about twin brothers who married sisters, but could not easily be distinguished by them.* In the well-known novel by Mr.

* I take this opportunity of withdrawing an anecdote.

Wilkie Collins of "Poor Miss Finch," the blind girl distinguishes the twin she loves by the touch of his hand, which gives her a thrill that the touch of the other brother does not. Philosophers have not, I believe, as yet investigated the conditions of such thrills; but I have a case in which Miss Finch's test would have failed. Two persons, both friends of a certain twin lady, told me that she had frequently remarked to them that "kissing her twin sister was not like kissing her other sisters, but like kissing herself—her own hand, for example."

It would be an interesting experiment of twins who were closely alike, to try how far dogs could distinguish them by scent.

I have a few anecdotes of strange mistakes made between twins in adult life. Thus an officer writes: "On one occasion when I returned from foreign service my father turned to me and said, 'I thought you were in London,' thinking I was my brother—yet he had not seen me for nearly four years—our resemblance was so great."

The next and last anecdote I shall give is, perhaps, the most remarkable of those that I have: it was sent me by the brother of the twins, who were in middle life at the time of its occurrence: "A was again coming home from India, on leave; the ship did not arrive for some days after it was due; the twin brother B had come up from his quarters to receive A, and their old mother was very nervous. One morning A rushed in, saying, 'Oh, mother, how are you?' Her answer was, 'No, B, it's a bad joke; you know how anxious I am!' and it was a little time before A could persuade her that he was the real man."

Enough has been said to prove that an extremely close personal resemblance frequently exists between twins of the same sex; and that, although the resemblance usually diminishes as they grow into manhood and womanhood, some cases occur in which the resemblance is lessened in a hardly perceptible degree. It must be borne in mind that the divergence of development, when it occurs, need not be ascribed to the effect of different natures

but that it is quite possible that it may be due to the appearance of qualities inherited at birth, though dormant, like gout, in early life. To this I shall recur.

There is a curious feature in the character of the resemblance between twins, which has been alluded to by a few correspondents: it is well illustrated by the following quotations. A mother of twins says: "There seemed to be a sort of interchangeable likeness in expression, that often gave to each the effect of being more like his brother than himself." Again, two twin brothers, writing to me, after analyzing their points of resemblance, which are close and numerous, and pointing out certain shades of difference, add: "These seem to have marked us through life, though for a while, when we were first separated, the one to go to business, and the other to college, our respective characters were inverted; we both think that at that time we each ran into the character of the other. The proof of this consists in our own recollections, in our correspondence by letter, and in the views which we then took of matters in which we were interested." In explanation of this apparent interchangeableness, we must recollect that no character is simple, and that in twins who strongly resemble each other every expression in the one may be matched by a corresponding expression in the other, but it does not follow that the same expression should be the dominant one in both cases. Now it is by their dominant expressions that we should distinguish between the twins; consequently when one twin has temporarily the expression which is the dominant one in his brother, he is apt to be mistaken for him. There are also cases where the development of the two twins is not strictly *pari passu*; they reach the same goal at the same time, but not by identical stages. Thus: A is born the larger, then B overtakes and surpasses A, and is in his turn overtaken by A, the end being that the twins become closely alike. This process would aid in giving an interchangeable likeness at certain periods of their growth, and is undoubtedly due to nature more frequently than to nurture.

Among my thirty-five detailed cases of close similarity, there are no less than seven in which both twins suffered from some special ailment or had some exceptional peculiarity. One twin writes that she and her sister "have both the defect of not being able to come down stairs quickly, which, however, was not born with them, but came on at the age of twenty."

dote, happily of no great importance, published in "Men of Science," p. 14, about a man personating his twin brother for a joke at supper, and not being discovered by his wife. It was told me on good authority; but I have reason to doubt the fact, as the story is not known to the son of one of the twins. However, the twins in question were extraordinarily alike, and I have many anecdotes about them sent me by the latter gentleman.

Another pair of twins have a slight congenital flexure of one of the joints of the little finger: it was inherited from a grandmother, but neither parents, nor brothers, nor sisters show the least trace of it. In another case, one was born ruptured, and the other became so at six months old. Two twins at the age of twenty-three were attacked by toothache, and the same tooth had to be extracted in each case. There are curious and close correspondences mentioned in the falling-off of the hair. Two cases are mentioned of death from the same disease; one of which is very affecting. The outline of the story was that the twins were closely alike and singularly attached, and had identical tastes; they both obtained government clerkships, and kept house together, when one sickened and died of Bright's disease, and the other also sickened of the same disease and died seven months later.

In no less than nine out of the thirty-five cases does it appear that both twins are apt to sicken at the same time. This implies so intimate a constitutional resemblance, that it is proper to give some quotations in evidence. Thus, the father of two twins says: "Their general health is closely alike; whenever one of them has an illness, the other invariably has the same within a day or two, and they usually recover in the same order. Such has been the case with whooping-cough, chicken-pox, and measles; also with slight bilious attacks, which they have successively. Latterly, they had a feverish attack at the same time." Another parent of twins says: "If anything ails one of them, identical symptoms *nearly always* appear in the other: this has been singularly visible in two instances during the last two months. Thus, when in London, one fell ill with a violent attack of dysentery, and within twenty-four hours the other had precisely the same symptoms." A medical man writes of twins with whom he is well acquainted: "Whilst I knew them, for a period of two years, there was not the slightest tendency towards a difference in body or mind; external influences seemed powerless to produce any dissimilarity." The mother of two other twins, after describing how they were ill simultaneously up to the age of fifteen, adds, that they shed their first milk-teeth within a few hours of each other.

Trousseau has a very remarkable case (in the chapter on asthma) in his important work "*Clinique Médicale*." (In the edition of 1873, it is in vol. ii., p. 473.) It was quoted at length in the original

French, in Mr. Darwin's "Variation under Domestication," vol. ii. p. 252. The following is a translation:—

"I attended twin brothers so extraordinarily alike, that it was impossible for me to tell which was which without seeing them side by side. But their physical likeness extended still deeper, for they had, so to speak, a yet more remarkable pathological resemblance. Thus, one of them, whom I saw at the Néo-thermes at Paris, suffering from rheumatic ophthalmia, said to me, 'At this instant my brother must be having an ophthalmia like mine;' and, as I had exclaimed against such an assertion, he showed me a few days afterwards a letter just received by him from his brother, who was at that time at Vienna, and who expressed himself in these words: 'I have my ophthalmia; you must be having yours.' However singular this story may appear, the fact is none the less exact: it has not been told to me by others, but I have seen it myself; and I have seen other analogous cases in my practice. These twins were also asthmatic, and asthmatic to a frightful degree. Though born in Marseilles, they never were able to stay in that town, where their business affairs required them to go, without having an attack. Still more strange, it was sufficient for them to get away only as far as Toulon in order to be cured of the attack caught at Marseilles. They travelled continually, and in all countries, on business affairs, and they remarked that certain localities were extremely hurtful to them, and that in others they were free from all asthmatic symptoms.

I do not like to pass over here a most dramatic tale in the "*Psychologie Morbide*," of Dr. J. Moreau (de Tours), Médecin de l'Hospice de Bicêtre. Paris, 1859, p. 172. He speaks "of two twin brothers who had been confined, on account of monomania, at Bicêtre. . . . Physically the two young men are so nearly alike that the one is easily mistaken for the other. Morally their resemblance is no less complete, and is most remarkable in its details. Thus, their dominant ideas are absolutely the same. They both consider themselves subject to imaginary persecutions; the same enemies have sworn their destruction, and employ the same means to effect it. Both have hallucinations of hearing. They are both of them melancholy and morose; they never address a word to anybody, and will hardly answer the questions that others address to them. They always keep apart and never communicate with

one another. An extremely curious fact which has been frequently noted by the superintendents of their section of the hospital, and by myself, is this. From time to time, at very irregular intervals of two, three, and many months, without appreciable cause, and by the purely spontaneous effect of their illness, a very marked change takes place in the condition of the two brothers. Both of them, at the same time, and often on the same day, rouse themselves from their habitual stupor and prostration; they make the same complaints, and they come of their own accord to the physician, with an urgent request to be liberated. I have seen this strange thing occur, even when they were some miles apart, the one being at Bicêtre and the other living at Sainte-Anne."

Dr. Moreau ranked as a very considerable medical authority, but I cannot wholly accept this strange story without fuller information. Dr. Moreau writes it in too off-hand a way to carry the conviction that he had investigated the circumstances with the sceptic spirit and scrupulous exactness which so strange a phenomenon would have required. If full and precise notes of the case exist, they certainly ought to be published at length. I sent a copy of this passage to the principal authorities among the physicians to the insane in England, asking if they had ever witnessed any similar case. In reply I have received three noteworthy instances, but none to be compared in their exact parallelism with that just given. The details of these three cases are painful, and it is not necessary to my general purpose that I should further allude to them.

There is another curious French case of insanity in twins, which was pointed out to me by Professor Paget, described by Dr. Baume in the "*Annales Médico-Psychologiques*," 4 série, vol. i., 1863, p. 312, of which the following is an abstract. The original contains a few more details, but is too long to quote. François and Martin, fifty years of age, worked as railroad contractors between Quimper and Châteaulin. Martin had twice had slight attacks of insanity. On January 15 a box in which the twins deposited their savings was robbed. On the night of January 23-4 both François (who lodged at Quimper) and Martin (who lived with his wife and children at St. Lorette, two leagues from Quimper) had the same dream at the same hour, three A.M., and both awoke with a violent start, calling out, "I have caught the thief! I have caught the thief!

they are doing mischief to my brother!" They were both of them extremely agitated, and gave way to similar extravagances, dancing and leaping. Martin sprang on his grandchild, declaring that he was the thief, and would have strangled him if he had not been prevented: he then became steadily worse, complained of violent pains in his head, went out of doors on some excuse, and tried to drown himself in the river Steir, but was forcibly stopped by his son, who had watched and followed him. He was then taken to an asylum by gendarmes, where he died in three days. François, on his part, calmed down on the morning of the 24th, and employed the day in inquiring about the robbery. By a strange chance, he crossed his brother's path at the moment when the latter was struggling with the gendarmes; then he himself became maddened, giving way to extravagant gestures, and making incoherent proposals (similar to those of his brother). He then asked to be bled, which was done, and afterwards, declaring himself to be better, went out on the pretext of executing some commission, but really to drown himself in the river Steir, which he actually did, at the very spot where Martin had attempted to do the same thing a few hours previously.

The next point which I shall mention, in illustration of the extremely close resemblance between certain twins, is the similarity in the association of their ideas. No less than eleven out of the thirty-five cases testify to this. They make the same remarks on the same occasion, begin singing the same song at the same moment, and so on; or one would commence a sentence, and the other would finish it. An observant friend graphically described to me the effect produced on her by two such twins whom she had met casually. She said: "Their teeth grew alike, they spoke alike and together, and said the same things, and seemed just like one person." One of the most curious anecdotes that I have received concerning this similarity of ideas was that one twin, A, who happened to be at a town in Scotland, bought a set of champagne-glasses which caught his attention, as a surprise for his brother B; while, at the same time, B, being in England, bought a similar set of precisely the same pattern as a surprise for A. Other anecdotes of a like kind have reached me about these twins.

The last point to which I shall allude regards the tastes and dispositions of the thirty-five pairs of twins. In sixteen cases — that is, in nearly one half of them —

these were described as closely similar; in the remaining nineteen they were much alike, but subject to certain named differences. These differences belonged almost wholly to such groups of qualities as these. The one was the more vigorous, fearless, energetic; the other was gentle, clinging, and timid: or, again, the one was more ardent, the other more calm and gentle; or again, the one was the more independent, original, and self-contained; the other the more generous, hasty, and vivacious. In short, the difference was always that of intensity or energy in one or other of its protean forms: it did not extend more deeply into the structure of the characters. The more vivacious might be subdued by ill health, until he assumed the character of the other; or the latter might be raised by excellent health to that of the former. The difference is in the keynote, not in the melody.

It follows from what has been said concerning the similar dispositions of the twins, the similarity in the associations of their ideas, of their special ailments, and of their illnesses generally, that the resemblances are not superficial, but extremely intimate. I have only two cases altogether of a strong bodily resemblance being accompanied by mental diversity, and one case only of the converse kind. It must be remembered that the conditions which govern extreme likeness between twins are not the same as those between ordinary brothers and sisters (I may have hereafter to write further about this); and that it would be wholly incorrect to generalize from what has just been said about the twins, that mental and bodily likeness are invariably co-ordinate; such being by no means the case.

We are now in a position to understand that the phrase "close similarity" is no exaggeration, and to realize the value of the evidence about to be adduced. Here are thirty-five cases of twins who were "closely alike" in body and mind when they were young, and who have been reared exactly alike up to their early manhood and womanhood. Since then the conditions of their lives have changed; what change of conditions has produced the most variation?

It was with no little interest that I searched the records of the thirty-five cases for an answer; and they gave an answer that was not altogether direct, but it was very distinct, and not at all what I had expected. They showed me that in some cases the resemblance of body and mind had continued unaltered up to old age,

notwithstanding very different conditions of life; and they showed in the other cases that the parents ascribed such dissimilarity as there was wholly, or almost wholly, to some form of illness. In four cases it was scarlet fever; in one case, typhus; in one, a slight effect was ascribed to a nervous fever: then I find effects from an Indian climate; from an illness (unnamed) of nine months' duration; from varicose veins; from a bad fracture of the leg, which prevented all active exercise afterwards; and there were three other cases of ill-health. It will be sufficient to quote one of the returns; in this the father writes:—

"At birth they were *exactly* alike, except that one was born with a bad varicose affection, the effect of which had been to prevent any violent exercise, such as dancing or running, and, as she has grown older, to make her more serious and thoughtful. Had it not been for this infirmity, I think the two would have been as exactly alike as it is possible for two women to be, both mentally and physically; even now they are constantly mistaken for one another."

In only a very few cases is there some allusion to the dissimilarity being partly due to the combined action of many small influences, and in no case is it largely, much less wholly, ascribed to that cause. In not a single instance have I met with a word about the growing dissimilarity being due to the action of the firm free-will of one or both of the twins, which had triumphed over natural tendencies; and yet a large proportion of my correspondents happen to be clergymen whose bent of mind is opposed, as I feel assured from the tone of their letters, to a necessitarian view of life.

It has been remarked that a growing diversity between twins may be ascribed to the tardy development of naturally diverse qualities; but we have a right, upon the evidence I have received, to go further than this. We have seen that a few twins retain their close resemblance through life; in other words, instances do exist of thorough similarity of nature, and in these external circumstances do not create dissimilarity. Therefore, in those cases, where there is a growing diversity, and where no external cause can be assigned either by the twins themselves or by their family for it, we may feel sure that it must be chiefly or altogether due to a want of thorough similarity in their nature. Nay further, in some cases it is distinctly affirmed that the growing dissimi-

larity can be accounted for in no other way. We may therefore broadly conclude that the only circumstance, within the range of those by which persons of similar conditions of life are affected, capable of producing a marked effect on the character of adults, is illness or some accident which causes physical infirmity. The twins who closely resembled each other in childhood and early youth, and were reared under not very dissimilar conditions, either grow unlike through the development of natural characteristics which had lain dormant at first, or else they continue their lives, keeping time like two watches, hardly to be thrown out of accord except by some physical jar. Nature is far stronger than nurture within the limited range that I have been careful to assign to the latter.

The effect of illness, as shown by these replies, is great, and well deserves further consideration. It appears that the constitution of youth is not so elastic as we are apt to think, but that an attack, say of scarlet fever, leaves a permanent mark, easily to be measured by the present method of comparison. This recalls an impression made strongly on my mind several years ago by the sight of a few curves drawn by a mathematical friend. He took monthly measurements of the circumference of his children's heads during the first few years of their lives, and he laid down the successive measurements on the successive lines of a piece of ruled paper, by taking the edge of the paper as a base. He then joined the free ends of the lines, and so obtained a curve of growth. These curves had, on the whole, that regularity of sweep that might have been expected, but each of them showed occasional halts, like the landing-places on a long flight of stairs. The development had been arrested by something, and was not made up for by after growth. Now, on the same piece of paper my friend had also registered the various infantine illnesses of the children, and corresponding to each illness was one of these halts. There remained no doubt in my mind that, if these illnesses had been warded off, the development of the children would have been increased by almost the precise amount lost in these halts. In other words, the disease had drawn largely upon the capital, and not only on the income, of their constitutions. I hope these remarks may induce some men of science to repeat similar experiments on their children of the future. They may compress two years of a child's history on one side of a ruled half-sheet of

foolscap paper if they cause each successive line to stand for a successive month, beginning from the birth of the child; and if they mark off the measurements by laying, not the 6-inch division of the tape against the edge of the pages, but, say, the 10-inch division—in order to economize space.

The steady and pitiless march of the hidden weaknesses in our constitutions, through illness to death, is painfully revealed by these histories of twins. We are too apt to look upon illness and death as capricious events, and there are some who ascribe them to the direct effect of supernatural interference, whereas the fact of the maladies of two twins being continually alike, shows that illness and death are necessary incidents in a regular sequence of constitutional changes, beginning at birth, upon which external circumstances have, on the whole, very small effect. In cases where the maladies of the twins are continually alike, the clock of life moves regularly on, governed by internal mechanism. When the hand approaches the hour-mark, there is a sudden click, followed by a whirling of wheels; the moment that it touches it, the stroke falls. Necessitarians may derive new arguments from the life-histories of twins.

We will now consider the converse side of our subject. Hitherto we have investigated cases where the similarity at first was close, but afterwards became less; now we will examine those in which there was great dissimilarity at first, and will see how far an identity of nurture in childhood and youth tended to assimilate them. As has been already mentioned, there is a large proportion of cases of sharply contrasted characteristics, both of body and mind, among twins. I have twenty such cases, given with much detail. It is a fact that extreme dissimilarity, such as existed between Esau and Jacob, is a no less marked peculiarity in twins of the same sex, than extreme similarity. On this curious point, and on much else in the history of twins, I have many remarks to make, but this is not the place to make them.

The evidence given by the twenty cases above mentioned is absolutely accordant, so that the character of the whole may be exactly conveyed by two or three quotations. One parent says: "They have had *exactly the same nurture* from their birth up to the present time; they are both perfectly healthy and strong, yet they are otherwise as dissimilar as two boys could be, physically, mentally, and in their emo-



tional nature." Here is another case: "I can answer most decidedly that the twins have been perfectly dissimilar in character, habits, and likeness from the moment of their birth to the present time, though they were nursed by the same woman, went to school together, and were never separated till the age of fifteen." Here again is one more, in which the father remarks: "They were curiously different in body and mind from their birth." The surviving twin (a senior wrangler of Cambridge) adds: "A fact struck all our school contemporaries, that my brother and I were complementary, so to speak, in point of ability and disposition. He was contemplative, poetical, and literary to a remarkable degree, showing great power in that line. I was practical, mathematical, and linguistic. Between us we should have made a very decent sort of a man." I could quote others just as strong as these, while I have not a single case in which my correspondents speak of originally dissimilar characters having become assimilated through identity of nurture. The impression that all this evidence leaves on the mind is one of some wonder whether nurture can do anything at all beyond giving instruction and professional training. It emphatically corroborates and goes far beyond the conclusions to which we had already been driven by the cases of similarity. In these, the causes of divergence began to act about the period of adult life, when the characters had become somewhat fixed; but here the causes conducive to assimilation began to act from the earliest moment of the existence of the twins, when the disposition was most pliant, and they were continuous until the period of adult life. There is no escape from the conclusion that nature prevails enormously over nurture when the differences of nurture do not exceed what is commonly to be found among persons of the same rank of society and in the same country. My only fear is that my evidence seems to prove too much and may be discredited on that account, as it seems contrary to all experience that nurture should go for so little. But experience is often fallacious in ascribing great effects to trifling circumstances. Many a person has amused himself with throwing bits of stick into a tiny brook and watching their progress; how they are arrested, first by one chance obstacle, then by another; and again, how their onward course is facilitated by a combination of circumstances. He might ascribe much importance to each of these events,

and think how largely the destiny of the stick had been governed by a series of trifling accidents. Nevertheless all the sticks succeed in passing down the current, and they travel, in the long run, at nearly the same rate. So it is with life in respect to the several accidents which seem to have had a great effect upon our careers. The one element, which varies in different individuals, but is constant in each of them, is the natural tendency; it corresponds to the current in the stream, and inevitably asserts itself. More might be added on this matter, and much might be said in qualification of the broad conclusions to which we have arrived, as to the points in which education appears to create the most permanent effect; how far by training the intellect, and how far by subjecting the boy to a higher or lower tone of public opinion; but this is foreign to my immediate object. The latter has been to show broadly, and, I trust, convincingly, that statistical estimation of natural gifts by a comparison of successes in life, is not open to the objection stated at the beginning of this memoir. We have only to take reasonable care in selecting our statistics, and then we may safely ignore the many small differences in nurture which are sure to have characterized each individual case.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE SEA AND THE SAHARA.

It is seriously proposed to open communication with Soudan and other regions of Central Africa by means of a canal three or four hundred miles long, debouching at one end into the Mediterranean, and at the other into an inland sea that when made shall equal in extent the two counties of Kent and Sussex put together. A port is to be made on the outer as well as the inner—that is to say, on the Constantine and Soudan—coast; and when it is considered that all the merchandise from the latter country has at present to be carried to the ports of Tripoli and Morocco on foot, it will be seen that the scheme aims at an enormous gain in time and cheapness of transport. At present, so greatly do the natives dread their Algerian and Tunisian neighbours that they never enter their territories if they can avoid it, thus preferring the longer and more costly transit. What products of Soudan do reach Algerian and European markets are therefore scarce

and dear. These are chiefly of a costly kind: gold-dust, ivory, skins, ostrich feathers, gum arabic, ottar of roses, indigo and other dyes, etc. — a single camel-load often representing not less than three hundred pounds. The commerce between Algeria and Soudan at present amounts to about a million and a half pounds sterling of export, and pretty nearly the same of import, the chief articles in demand being cotton goods, cutlery, and weapons. In consequence of the insecurity of the journey from Algeria into the interior and *vice versa*, and the necessary transport of merchandise to the ports of Morocco and Tripoli, many efforts have been made by the Algerian government: to conciliate the Touaregs, through whose country the caravans bound to Soudan and Timbuctoo have to pass. In 1859 Marshal Pélissier tried to make a treaty with them. Some Touareg chiefs were invited to Paris to confer on the subject, and an interview was arranged to take place at Ghadamez, the ancient Cydamus, for the purpose of settling a commercial treaty between the Touaregs and Algeria. The arrival of the French envoys in that remote district created a great sensation, and the meeting ended in an agreement, according to which the Touareg caravans on the one hand, and the Algerian on the other, were to pursue their journeys unmolested. But the disastrous events of 1870 and 1871 intervened, and for a time put a stop to all intercourse with the interior. The French territories in Algeria were in insurrection, and the movement was not quelled without much difficulty. In 1873 two enterprising French travellers — the first under the auspices of the Société de Géographie, the second under those of the Chambre de Commerce d'Algérie — attempted to renew commercial relations with Soudan. M. Dupère was treacherously murdered on his way from Ghadamez, southward; M. Soleilles, more cautious in his movements, stopped at a commercial station north of the Sahara, and there exhibited specimens of European merchandise with a view to tempt the natives to trade. The mission was not successful, in consequence of the high price demanded for their goods by the Soudan traders; but we believe it is to be repeated. More successful have been the efforts of a learned Jew of Morocco, the Rabbi Mardochée (Mordecai), to whose enterprise public attention has been drawn on more than one occasion. Born in an oasis of Morocco, Mardochée is a striking example of the energy and the adventurous spirit of his

race. Having travelled much and made himself acquainted with the languages and the commercial relations and habits of other countries, he is the first who opened a bank at Timbuctoo. *After ten years' labour, and on the eve of seeing his undertaking rewarded, his caravans were pillaged by the Touaregs, and he returned to his own country poorer than he set out. The French Geographical Society, however, and his own people, made up a fund to enable him to undertake another journey, and a second time he has set out for Timbuctoo, with scientific as well as commercial objects.

Now a far bolder scheme is occupying the minds alike of merchants and men of science in France and Algeria. Among its warmest supporters are Captain Roudaire, M. Duveyrier, the author of "*Les Touaregs du Nord*," M. Le Verrier, M. de Lesseps, and others; while the Assemblée Nationale, the Académie des Sciences, the Société de Géographie, and the Ministère des Travaux Publics, have given countenance to the undertaking. The late expedition of inquiry under Captain Roudaire has been reported by M. Duveyrier before the Geographical Society of Paris, and the paper is full of interest from many points of view. A naturalist, geologist, physician, and land-surveyor were attached to the expedition, which was protected by thirty soldiers. During the four months and a half spent by the exploring party in investigating the region mapped out for the enterprise, many valuable additions were made to the slender knowledge possessed of the Algerian Sahara. To understand the district under survey, it will be necessary to glance at the map, where the so-called "*Pays des Chotts*" will be found south of Constantine. *Chott*, an Arabic word, signifying *marais*, or marsh, fen, swamp, is applied to large tracts of country possessing those characteristics, the largest of which is called Chott Meghigh. A map of the "*Pays des Chotts*" is shortly to be published by the Geographical Society of Paris, and it is here that the exploring party set to work. The description of this region is exceedingly curious. In some places the chief feature is what the Arabs call *bakhbâkha* — that is to say, beds of rivers baked to a reddish colour by the sun and charged with crystals of salt. In the winter and spring these river-beds are filled by the rains and snow from the mountains. In summer the water disappears.

In other places there are vast chalky

plains of never-varying monotony; here the phenomenon of mirage is frequently witnessed. M. Duveyrier made many attempts to reproduce the aerial capes, isles, and mountains before him, but without success. In other places were found quagmires, known to the Arabs as *borma*, gulfs of liquid mud, in which an unwary horseman of the party was near being fatally engulfed. The Arab population of the Algerian Sahara have the tradition that one of these Chotts, Chott-es-Selam, was once covered with a sheet of water. They say that the Chott-es-Selam was a lake at the time of the conquest of their country by the Mahomedans, in the year 681 of our era. Since the year A.D. 1200, the Chott has gradually dried up, and during the last hundred years no recollection of water covering its bed has been handed down. M. Duveyrier says that, without any knowledge of ancient authors, or of this or any other tradition, a common sailor would affirm the same thing from the quantities of shells found, broken or entire, in some spots on the Chotts. The exploring party entered the Sahara from the north, and proceeded south as far as Chegga; there they found a variety of desert plants and shrubs. To the north of Chegga they found reeds of enormous length and a small species of bamboo, which makes hiding-places for wild boar and birds. Here exists an Arab tradition of an ancient settlement of twenty-five villages, all entirely destroyed

by an inundation of the river Djedi. By the side of the river-beds many plants grow; but on the sandy plains of the desert proper the tamarisk often grows alone. M. Duveyrier describes how, on the 9th of January, a number of little plants sprang up in the district of El-Faid, to the great joy of the shepherds, who could then reckon on herbage for their goats and sheep. The oases of Souf are portrayed in terms which seem to bring an earthly paradise before our eyes; here are villages surrounded by palm-groves, gardens teeming with flowers and fruit, fields of emerald breaking the monotony of the rolling sands. Later on, again, the travellers rested at a place described in such terms that many travellers will be tempted to follow them. It is called Negrin, a town built on a mountain-side, within reach of the grand Roman ruins of Besseriani, girt with orchards and olive-gardens, and with a river winding by. The observations resulted in fixing the latitude and longitude of many places, and a collection was made of geological and natural-history specimens, dried plants, seeds, etc. The region explored by M. Duveyrier is so little known that these details would be welcome generally, but they are all the more so when they are given in reference to an enterprise which (if carried out) will place the gold and ivory of Soudan within easy reach of London markets.

DR. HANS HILDEBRAND, the Swedish antiquary, has just made a peculiarly interesting discovery in the neighbourhood of Christianstad. At Nymö, near that town, a tumulus from the bronze age was examined, in which, under a great heap of stones, were found two burnt corpses and a small bronze ring. In a stone chest close by were found the bones of about twenty persons, all buried in a sitting posture, together with two amber beads and a bone spearhead. But the most important discoveries were made in a wholly untouched "jettestue" at Fjelkinge. By the side of the entrance were several hundred fragments of richly ornamented clay pots, and two flint axes. Inside were found human skeletons, a quantity of amber, a perforated animal tooth, four bone vessels, flint knives, etc. In the southern portion of the chamber itself were the bones of four sitting figures, and a skull was picked up in perfect preservation. Unfortunately, the roof gave way, which made it

impossible to investigate the northern part of the chamber. Bones of domestic animals were scattered everywhere. The great importance of this discovery consists in the strong additional evidence it gives of the existence of domestic animals in Sweden during the stone age.

It is announced that the long-lost "Madonna with the Child," of Vanduyck, of which countless copies exist in various parts of Europe, has at last been discovered in the original. The picture has formed the altar-piece to the chapel of an obscure German cloister, and was found there by the Flemish painter Georg van Haanen. After slight restoration it is now to be seen entirely uninjured and in its pristine condition.